I know thou'lt aske why I no Front do weare
To take the distant eye? Not I, I sweare.
To give an invitation, and no meate,
Would not be thought a courtesie, but cheat.
Besides, (if mine owne feares aright divine)
Thou'lt find but too much Front in ev'ry line.

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Elizabeth Allford

HIPPOLITUS

Translated out of

SENECA.

By EDMUND PRESTWICH.

Together with divers other Poems of the same Authors.

Verum pone moras, & studiam lucri,
Nigrorumq; memor, dum licet ignium,
Misce stultitiam conciliis brevem.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. D.* for *George Boddington*, at the Signe of the *Crown* in *Chancery-lane* neere the *Rolles*. 1651.

TO THE

NOBLE and MOST VERTUOUS LADY,

Mrs. ANNE LEEDES.

Madam,

HEre you ſee, what diligence I have uſed to involve my ſelf into a Lab'rinth, out of which, my judgement is not clew ſufficient to conduct me. I bluſh when I remember, how I have betrayed mine own weakneſſe to the publike view; and like *Cæcrops* Daughter, tempted my Mi-

NERVA to mine owne ruine, for daring to diſcover an Infant with ſuch deformed feet. I have reaſon to feare, that thoſe knowing ſpirits, the right heires to all thoſe ſacred fountaines within the Dioceſſe of the Myter'd Hill; thoſe profeſt Champions of Poeſie, who are ſo jealous of the Muſes Honour, will be ſtrict in their examinations, ſevere in their cenſures, and where they find an intruder, whoſe follies are ſtript thus naked as are mine, liberally uſe that laſh which was juſtly put into their hands. But when they ſhal know, I am not ſo wedded to ſelf-love, but that (were I permitted to caſt my bean into the Urne) I ſhould bee as ready to

condemn

condemne my ſelf, as expect my ſentence from another; Perhaps, ſo ingenious a confeſsion might in noble minds quite pluck out the ſting of Anger, and make their reprehenſions rather ariſe from pitty, or a Fatherly affection, then Revenge: but then I tremble to thinke how I ſtand engaged amongſt all that ignorant and cenſorious Rabble, who becauſe Nature (foreſeeing how laviſh they would be of that little which they had) durſt not truſt them with any conſiderable ſtock of wit, beleeve they are priviledg'd to cry it down in others; Men, that, conſcious of their owne baſeneſſe, obſtinately arme againſt truth and knowledge, and by cuſtome of

Malice are grown ſo barbarous, as they will vindicate a Proſtitute, or ſet a ſpurious birth upon the higheſt point of Honour; but endeavour to ſtab their forked tongues into the boſome of the moſt chaſt and noble Virgin; my meaning is, that they will cheriſh common and ſhallow fancies; Births ſo infamous, that they can onely ſpeak their Parents ſhame, when a Legitime Poem often falls a ſacrifice to the many-headed and no brained Multitude. From the rage of theſe, I fly to you for Protection, as confident (how deſperately ſoever otherwiſe bent,) they dare not violate ſo holy a Sanctuary. Nor doe I doubt, but you will guard

me

me from ſo treacherous and unjuſt an Enemy, as pretends to reprove my Faults; but indeed acts his own Malice, and would have perſecuted me worſe, had this been better. Neither am I ſo impudent, as to deſire you ſhould, againſt the equity of your own Conſcience, defend a trifle, and approve to others what you your ſelf miſlike: No (Madame) I requeſt you to be my Judge as well as Patron; as well to puniſh where you finde me faulty, as to protect me Innocent; and if after due examination had, my whole Book ſhall appeare guilty of cheating my Readers out of ſo much time for nothing, ſentence it to the fire; and beleeve me, I would

would not bewaile mine owne ſufferings, if condemned by ſo Legall a Proceſs. But if you ſhall be pleaſed to receive it into any degree of Favour, I ſhall be ſecure, that it is not altogether to be deſpiſed, and in that confidence, dare, both vindicate my ſelf unto the world, and make my owne revenge of ſuch as ſhall provoke me. Your wiſdome, Juſtice, and ſingular affection to the Muses, (to wrong whom, I beleeve you eſteem, as well as I, a ſinne next Sacriledge) may ſufficiently warrant all men, that your Judgment will be unbias'd. Therefore as that ſhall determine of me, I will either quietly ſubmit my ſelfe to all cenſures, or riſe up in defence

of

of my Innocence. In the meane time, I will not ſpeake one word in mine own behalfe ; onely if this ſhall faile your expectation, and prove unworthy this Honour it is advanced to; I beſeech you exerciſe both your Juſtice and Mercy, burne it, but forgive him, who will ever eſteeme it his greateſt happineſſe to be reckn'd amongſt the number of

Your Servants,

EDMUND PRESTWICH.

TO THE IUDICIOUS READER.

Iudicious Reader,

AS I must confesse, nothing could please me more, than to know that my endeavours had pleased thee; so I must tell thee, nothing can trouble me less than the knowledge that they have not; chuse how thy judgement be stated, I am resolved to make my benefit of it; for if thy applause shall crowne these first Essaies of my Youth, the highest soaring ambition could not have expected a more grateful successe, than that, which (besides an ample recompence for what I have already done) brings along with it sufficient matter of encouragement for the future, and (as it were) kindly constrains me to continue the pursuite of a study, which mine owne Inclinaaion hath but

too

too violently begun, making that appeare the child of gratitude which is now perhaps by some accounted folly. Nor doe I doubt, but the affectionate Zeale of a thankfull soul, togeather with a gen'rous scorn to bely a judgement so advantagious to my selfe, will prompt my Genius *to higher and braver things for thy pleasure, then ever yet I could attaine to for mine own; but if with what I seek to obtain thy favour, I shall only purchase a meritorious anger, thou mayst condemn these trifles,* ad ficum & piperem, *or if thou wilt (as unserviceable even there) to more base and servile offices; and beleeve me, I can forgoe (without the least act of repentance) so fruitlesse a study, as yeelds me neither fame nor profit; nor shall I esteem it a smal peece of friendship to stop my wild carreere, my foot being upon so dangerous a* Præcipice. *Thus far to thee, whose censure is grounded upon the sure foundation of an uncorrupted reason. Now thou, who makest a* Lottery *of thy mouth, and shuffling thy words together, fetchest thy dislike or approbation from the meere vertue of* chance, *mayst be pleas'd to consi-*

der

der, that I ſhall not eaſily be afraid of noiſe, that am ſo confident againſt the moſt imminent dangers, therefore if thy ſick palate cannot reliſh ſuch cates as I have ſet before thee; if thou look upon my lines with ſuch a kinde of an odium, *as petulant Curres do upon Forrainers, bark till thy ſpleen burſt, thou hurtſt not me; but if the toy take thee to give me a wretched commendation, I ſhal but give thee cold thanks, with a* non minimum eſt quod ſtultis placui. *Thus you may both ſee that I (being above either hope or feare) crave not any thing at your hands, onely one ſmall requeſt I have, and that litle relating to my ſelf; namely, that ſince ſome Friends have been pleaſed to uſher my darke feet into the World, that you would not by my weakneſſe meaſure their diſcretion, but affection: grant this, and however you cenſure me, I ſhall continue*

Your Friend,

EDMUND PRESTWICH.

To my Noble Friend Mr *Edmund Prestwich*, upon his Elegant POEMS.

SIR, You have gently cur'd my fears, and I
Congratulate Emergent Poesie,
And you her Tutelar Angel, who have made
Her live, and by your wit secur'd her shade
By you, (his better Seneca*) reviv'd*
Hippolitus *is now grown longer liv'd;*
And Seneca *himself that could not dye,*
Hath gain'd another Immortality
Yet here, you but translated; when you chuse
An amarous Tract, and speake your own free (Muse
My admiration over-reads my Eye,
And I am last in the full Harmony.

JA: SHIRLEY.

To my Worthy Friend Mr *Edmund Prestwich*, on his Translation of *Hippolitus*.

HArd is thy Fate (great wit) thus to advance
Thy Poem in this age of Ignorance,
To send it forth in such a time as this,
Where none must judge but such as judge amisse;
Course sordid censurers, that thinke their eyes
Abus'd if fixt, on ought but *Mercuries*,
When honest judgements will not doubt to swear
Thy work deserves an *Amphitheatre*.

Nor is this piece such as of late hath been
The tedious stuffe of *Poetasters* seen,
Wit to a nobler height, doth thine intend;
No common labour to no common end:
For by thy Version wee are taught anew,
T'interpret what we vainly thought we knew
But still mistook; so that in this we finde
Thou canst do *Miracles*, and cure the blinde.

The Orac'lous mist from *Seneca* is fled,
Which with fresh *Laurel*, crowns his verdant head,
And the black curtain of his clowded sense,
Is drawn by thy exact Intelligence.

Hippolitus

Hippolitus that erſt was ſet upon
By all, mangled by miſ-conſtruction
Diſ-membred by miſ-priſion, now by thee
And thy ingenious *Chirurgerie* ;
Is re-united to his limbs, and grown
Stronger as thine, then when great *Theſeus* ſon.

Go on then wits example, and revive,
What none but ſuch as thee, can keep alive ;
Slack not the work for want of Induſtry
For not a line, of thoſe thou writ'ſt can die.

Char: Cotton.

To his most Honoured and most Ingenious Friend, Mr. *Edmund Prestwich*, upon his happy Translation of *Seneca*, his Tragedy of *Hippolitus*.

WRetched Translators! they who only know
How like the Moon reflections faint to (show
To those benighted Ignorants that dare
Not look upon the Sun in his own Sphear;
That their Translations are the Authors Hell
Where nothing but their ghastly shaddows dwell.
Thine's a Parhelion in height and glory
Yet not prodigious nor transitorie.
By this thy Version *Seneca* doth get,
A better *Genius* fresher bayes hath met.
What can I say, but thou translat'st him even,
As God would man from Paradise to Heaven;
But sin those coppies blur'd so that but one
True Manuscript could find Translation.
Hippolitus hath such a handsome Mine
Drest by thee; thy Muse, worse than th' Attick queen
Will I'm afraid in this transplanted Grove
Incestuously her own Issue Love.

Hee's

Hee's truly *Virbius*, for thou hast done
More for him now, then erst did *Phœbus* sonne;
When his torn limbs lay like a shatter'd lute
He them patch'd up, with new breath did recruit.
In Miracles yet him thou dost out-doe
Giv'st other life and that Immortall too.
Joves Vengeance damp't his art, that durst controul
The Laws of Fate, bring home a once fled soul.
Thine to doth thee to Heavens envy raise,
But th'art secure from thunder by thy bayes
But why translate, gild, hatch, why not appear
Thy solid self, sad Ingot, neat, not tear,
As when men court the Maidenhead of light,
Desire to see the first, first rayie flight
Of *Phœbus* shafts, they face about toth' West
There see some cliffe kist by the new-come Guest;
So in the ponent of things past must we
Look for thy day-break, and lo there we see
Thy dawning wit, with early glory play
On this *Iberian* Mount of *Corduba*.
And I'm content, 'cause my weake eyes are able
To see thy Sun thus in the water dabble;
But risen to his Zenith, Oh, who can
Stare at thy *Halos*, when Meridian?

Cromwel Stanhop.

To his much Lov'd Friend Mr *Edmund Prestwich* on his Translation of *Hippolitus*.

Dearest,

M*Istrust not; thy* Hippolitus,
Will rellish much, with God with Us,
And I'm ascertain'd that this Nation,
Likes nothing like to a Translation.

RIC. ROGERS.

To

To his Honoured and Ingenious Friend Mr. *Edmund Prestwich* on his Translation of *Hippolitus*.

TO say that now the Pedant understands
Words, which no comment open'd to his
Or sense, his brains less able to obey, [hands
Than patience, or the forgotten quarter-day,
Were praises of a pestilence more dead [head.
Than thunder, t' blast thy Laurel 'bout thy
To bring thee commendations from their schools
Were to translate the wisemen into fools
As if we added unto Books more state
By *Imprimaturs* fetch'd from *Billinsgate*.
No, to praise thee's to shew this age of ours
How far thy Fancy, outwings *Cesars* powers,
He, who joynd seas, & piniond *Neptuns* arms
Affrighted Nature with the wild alarms
Of his Triumphant madness might transfer
His hand ore th' life of that Philosopher,
Thy Poets Ancestor, which to restore
Must make ev'n vanquish'd *Nero* cry *no more*

Here all my Powers make Alt ; but thou haſt
Thy Poet a new'body to his Shade ; (made
Not the long ſleep of fifteen hundred yeers,
Nor the confuſion of inrich't Sepulchers,
Where's better part lay gnawn on by thoſe
Of happy Spirits, ignorance & goths; (moths
Affright thy daring *Genius* thou doſt ſtate
The laws of Nature, and decrees of Fate
Bidſt maſsie Marble, her entomb'd up give :
Command'ſt ev'n duſt, re-animate and live :
Mak'ſt this Tragedian, by new life be known
Leſs ſignall in all Tragedies than's own.
He lives in greater beauty than whē th'throng
Of raviſh'd *Romans* fed their ears with's ſong.
Thus Poets, (if their happy thought can [clime
But to as high an excellence as thine)
Like the laſt Angel in th'diſſolvent skies,
Bid but the dead awake, and they ariſe.

Edward Williams.

To

To his Honoured and Ingenious Friend Mr. *Edmund Prestwich*, upon his Poems, and Translation of *Hippolitus*.

MOst men wil sure mistake when they behold
My rustick Muse, thus confidently bold
Entruding in your Front; till they shall know
Her humbler pride, conceal'd her far more low
Until surpris'd, commanded, and confin'd,
Unto this height, by your Magnetick minde
Which you so richly have Imbodyed here
Though in anothers mould; you can appear
(I do believe in full as various shapes
As Jupiter *ere did to act your rapes*
Upon our Muses, since your curious art
Hath wrought a miracle of this desert
Which (like a Verger) I would stand and tell
Did not its Character too much excell
My crepid fancy, whilst by your Translation
As by a Magically replantation
From the vitriall form, old Seneca *y've rais'd*
In as full verdancy, as his most prais'd,
And vigorous youth, h've rendred him before
Both Symetry, and Features, and whats more

Given

Given life by Tragedy; Founding your Art
In true Philosophy, which you impart
In lively Helycon *to th' torrid wits*
Of our poore panting times, where nought befits
The raging humour, but what's worthless born
Mean as the age; beneath a Poets scorn.
Though some there are, whose true born Eagle eies,
Will rightly scan it, and return the prize
Of ful grown Laurel, to the full blown Muse
Of your yet springing brow; none will refuse
To add a branch unto that wreath; whilst I
Thus like a shade contentedly stand by.
A Sable Foil dropt on the beauteous Front
And yet not cast the least of Lustre on't

Your Humble devoted

MAT. CARTER.

HIP-

HIPPOLITUS ENGLISHED.

The Actors Names:

Hippolitus. *Chorus.*
Phædra. *Theseus.*
Nuncius. *Nutrix.*

ACTUS *Primi.* SCENA *Prima.*

Enter Hippolitus, *and divers servants, as to Hunting.*

Hip. GO, and surround the shady woods, and those
High cliffs, which do impale the mountains brows
Disperse, and with your quickest speed descry
Those ragged quarries under *Parnes* tye
View the *Thriasian* vales, and banks which are
Worn by the force of rapid torrents, there
Climbe

Clime up theſe hils, which with obdured ſnow
Are ever crownd. Some of you this way go
Where the high aldars into arbours tye
The woods, where thoſe embroidered fields do lie
Which [2] *Zephyr*, quickning with his dewie breath
Decks with thoſe flowers he called from beneath
Where ſmooth [3] *Iliſſus* runs flank'd on both ſides
With Iſicles, where ſlow [4] *Meander* glides
Ore th'equall fields, and frets the ſterile ſhore
Run with unprofitable waters ore.
Take you the left path, whence the woods deſcry'd
To [5] *Marathon*, where beaſts, accompani'd
With flocks of yonglings, do their ſtomacks right
Grown bold by the protection of the night.
Go you more Southerly, and take the way
Leads to froſt-thawing [6] *Acarnania*.
The rock of ſweet [7] *Hymetus* you: the ſmall
[8] *Aphidna* you muſt viſit; this Part ſhall
Yet reſt, where the embowed Ocean doth
On [9] *Suniori* beat it ſelf into a froth.
Whoever hath a ſoul with Glory fir'd
Him [10] *Philalis* doth call. Lo here retir'd
Lies the fierce Boar, the lab'ring Husbands fear
But too well known, now by thoſe wounds they
Slip you the ſilent dogs, and you reſtrain (wear
Th'impatient courage of th' Moloſſian:
And let the ſtruggling *Cretenſian* Bitch
With her bald neck the ſtubborn Collar ſtretch.
But have a care that ſtraighter couples hold
The fiery Spartane, for the dog is bold

And

And eager after game, the time draws nigh
The caves shall Eccho back, the deep mouth'd cry
Now may they, while the dawning lasts, while yet
The dew retains the figure of their feet,
The air examine with a curious guest,
And on the nose run to the holds 'oth' beast;
While he, bowing beneath the burthen, beares
The more unus'd, lay you the lesser snares.
The painted counterfeit, from thence will speed
The frighted Beasts, into our toils indeed
Do you a light and missile javelin shake,
But you in either hand a Boar-spear take
And so employ your might, in ambush laid
Drive you the game, by your loud cryes dismaid
Headlong into our nets; and as for you
Embowell what we happen to subdue!
Assist sacred 11 *Virago*, for thou art
Sole Queen of the worlds solitary part:
Thy never-erring shafts the Beasts doe slay
That drinks the 12 cold *Araxes*, or doth play
In frozen *Ister*: *Cretan* Harts by thee
And Lybian Lions persecuted be;
Now lightly woundest thou the flying Buck
To thee, the spotted Tigre to be struck
Proffers his brest; Thou for thy ease mayest take
The Buffs broad horns, or the Buls humbled back
Whatever feed in deserts, whether they
Be known to the rich-grov'd *Arabia*,
Or needy *Garamas*, let their abodes,
Be in *Pyrenean* Cliffs, or *Hircan* woods,

They

They and the vagabonding Scythians bear
To thy Artillery an awfull fear.
Whose Piety hath thee's Associate made,
Broke by no feet, his nets have fettered
The captiv'd Beasts; the Cart hath seemd to groan,
Under the weight of the brave prey thereon.
Then the Dogs Snouts in blood are dy'd, then come
The glorying Huntsmen, as in Triumph home.
Hearken, my Dogges do spend, and the hot cry
Assures me I have pleas'd her Deity.
I'm summon'd to the woods, this way Ile take
Whereby I may the shorter journey make.

Exit.

Actus Primi. Scena Secunda.

Phædra. Nurse.

Ph. O [1] *Crete*, great Soveraign of the Seas that be
Replete with ships, on each side coasting thee,
All such as plough the Deep, and cut their *way*
Thorow these Floods, open t' *Assyria*;
[2] Why am I hostage, where I hate? or why,
Given in Marriage to my Enemy,
To be drawn out in misery and teares,
Hast thou condemnd the remnant of my yeares?
My wandring Husband absent *Theseus* hath [3]
Not in his Marriage, lost his wonted faith.

Champion

Champion to an 4 audacious Suitor now
The *Hero* ſtalketh in the dark below;
Pluck'd from the throne of the infernall King
Theſe mad-men *Proſerpine* again will bring.
Nor fear, nor ſence of ſhame reſtrain him: Thus
The glorious Father of *Hippolitus*.
In Hell it ſelf endeavoureth to meet
With lowleſs pleaſures and forbidden ſheets.
But (ah) I am with greater weights oppreſt
Not from my cares by Night or ſleep releaſt:
The Ill is nouriſh'd, which too faſt doth grow
And burns within; ſo vapours ſtraitned flow
From the wombe of 5 *Ætna* idle ſtands
The loom, the ſhittle falleth from my hands.
Now in their Temples do I take no care
To bribe the Gods with vows to hear my prayer
Nor 'twixt the Altars, joyn'd with Attick Dames,
Shake in thoſe ſilent Duties conſcious flames.
Nor 6 with chaſt Prayers, and pious rites draw near
The Goddeſs, that *Præſides* by 7 conqueſt here.
I rather would purſue the rouſed beaſt
My ſoft hand with a rugged javelin preſt.
O! whither will my vexed ſoul? Alas,
Why Frantick, doe I thus affect the chaſe?
8 My mothers crime was fatall now I prove
And in the Woods have plac'd my ſinful Love.
Mother, I doe repent thee now. Thou took
A Bull, wild, and impatient of the yoke.
Diſtemper'd with thy ill, thy luſt prefer'd
The Fierce Conductor of the Salvage herd.

Yet

Yet did he something love: What God can ease,
What *Dedalus* can quench such flames as these.
Should he return, whose powerfull Art did build
The Labyrinth my Brothers Monster held
He could not help, my case admits of none
Venus offended with the tell-tale Sun,
9 On us his off-spring doth revenge the Gyves
She, and her *Mars* sustain'd, who ere derives
Herself from *Sol*, *Venus* depraves her mind
None dead with Love, but Love and impious joyn'd.
Nu. Thou wife of *Thesens*, and the 10 child of *Jove*
From thy chaste brest drive this unseemly Love:
Quench me these Flames, nor yeeld to such a hope
As may affright thee. *He who gives a stop*
And a Repulse to Love at first, hath bin
Victor, and Safe: who cherishes the Sin,
Too late denyes to undergo the yoke
Himself put on: Neither am I mistooke
In Princely tumors, how the stubborn mind
Scorns truth, and will not be to right inclind,
The Fates decrees are welcome, who are old
To see their end approaching grew more bold.
First wilt t'oppose, nor faulter in that will,
'Tis next to modesty to know in ill
A measure. Wretch! what wilt thou do? Ah, why
Dost thou increase thy houses infamy,
And overact thy Mother? this exceeds
Her sin, and more than monstrous be thy deeds.
For to compulsive Fate we attribute
Monsters, but sins to manners we impute

Thinkst

Think'st thou thy crime more safe and void of fear
'Cause [11] *Thesens* sees not what is acted here?
Thou art mistaken, for suppose he dwell
For ever there, doom'd t'a perpetuall Hell.
What will thy [12] Father doe; thy Father aws
The Sea, and gives a hundred Cities Laws:
And Parents are quick-sighted; What will he
Winke at so horrid an Impiety?
But grant our craft, or circumspection might
Conceal it from him. What will that great Light
Of all things, Father to thy Mother doe?
What the Gods fruitfull Seminator, who
As he his Thunder brandishes, doth shake
The trembling world? are these like to mistake
Canst thou yet hope unseen, to keep thy crime
From these All-seeing Grandfathers of thine?
But say the fav'ring Deities should hide
The fact, and (as it does great sins betide)
None credited thy incest: yet thou'lt finde
A present pain, a self accusing mind,
With horror big, and of is self afraid,
Some unreavel'd, none sin unpunished.
Bridle thy impious love, a crime which yet
No barb'rous Nation ever did commit:
To Goths, and Scythians, and those who on
Inhospitable *Taurus* dwell unknown.
From thy chaste brest expell these strange desires,
Thy Mother warnes thee from such uncouth fires:
Shall Son, and Father have one common bed,
Thy impious womb fill'd with a mixed seed?

13 Well, doe; with thy illicite flames make war
'Gainst Nature, and impose new Laws on her.
We are at want of Monsters, and of late
Thy Brothers Court (alas) is desolate!
Shall unaccustom'd births the world appall
And Nature be as oft unnaturall
As a Cretense shall love?

Ph. I know dear Nurse,
Your counsel's good, but I must follow worse;
Fury compelleth: Wittingly I stray,
Striving in vain my judgement to obey.
So when an over-burdened ship receives
The unwelcome Buffets of encountring waves,
Vain is the Seamans toil, in spite of them
The Vessel goes with the prevailing stream.
Love reason vanquishes, and countermands
Nor will admit a Rivall where he reigns,
His Kingdome is the World, he hath great *Jove*
Scorched with the unruly flames of Love.
Fired the breast of the stern God of war.
And the dread-thunder-forging *Mulciber*;
He, who in *Ætna*, doth for ever turn,
The glowing Embers with a spark doth burne
Phœbus himself who aims his shafts so true,
By the more skillful Boy is wounded too.
Grievous his power in Heaven, in Earth the same.

Nu. Lust fav'ring Vice did first this Godhead frame
And that it might the greater freedome have
The name of Deity to fury gave.
Condemn'd (forsooth) by *Venus* for to live
Thorough the World a restless fugitive He

He, as he through the yeelding air doth fly,
Fashions his troublesome Artillery;
And now this Little one so great is grown
The Gods submit to his dominion.
These Vanities were feignd: Some guilty mind
To her a Godhead, him a bow assign'd.
Swell'd with prosperity who flows in Vice
Not daining to admit one pleasure twice;
Lust the companion of great Fortunes waits
On him: he is not pleas'd with wonted cates
Firm-builded houses, nor your grosser meat.
Why doth this Pallace-haunting plague retreat
From humble roofs? a pious Love dwells there:
The Vulgar have affections void of fear.
Princes, and rich men will have more than right
When meaner men can curb their appetite.
Who but too much can doe, yet would that he
Could more. Consider thou thy quality
And thy returning Husbands Scepter fear.

Ph. Alas Love swayes his powerfull Scepter here
And I fear no returns, none gone from hence
To the dark house of death find passage thence.

Nu. Be not too credulous, say the gates of Hell
Were shut, and *Cerberus* the Centinell:
Theseus hath forc'd the way hath bin forbid.

Ph. Yet he perhaps would pardon, if did.

Nu. Why He was cruell to a wife was chaste
14 *Antiope* can testifie his hast.
But grant we might appeate thy angry Spouse,
Yet who can move the stern *Hippolitus*?

He doth abhor the very name of wife,
And obſtinately vows a ſingle life.
Marriage he ſhuns, an *Amazon* thou knows.
Ph. Stay, he in mountains crown'd with frequent
Or fly he over the ſharp rocks; I will (ſnows,
Follow him through the woods, and ore the hils.
Nu. Will he be tempted who reſiſteth Love?
Will he chaſte pleaſures for unchaſt remove?
Be kind to thee, for whom (perhaps) alone
He hates the ſexe?
Ph. With prayers he may be won.
Nu. Hee's cruell.
Ph. Love tameth the cruell too.
Nu. Hee'l flie.
Ph. Flie he by Sea, I will purſue.
Nu. Remember thou thy Father.
Ph. We doe call
Our [15] Mother too, to memory withall.
Nu. All woman-kind he hates.
Ph. I am the more
Secure, of being rival'd with a whore.
Nu. *Theſeus* will come.
Ph. And [16] *Pyrithous* together.
Nu. Thy Father'l come.
Ph. What [17] *Ariadnes* Father.
Nu. By theſe dear breſts, by theſe time-dyed hairs,
And by this boſome over-worn with cares,
I pray thee have compaſſion on thy ſelfe.
For to deſire it is a peece of health,

Ph. I

Ph. I have not loſt all ſhame: Nurſe I obey.
The Love I cannot rule I conquer may.
Thou ſhalt not ſuffer in thy Fame; this is
The onely reaſon bridles my amiſs.
18 My Husband will I follow, and prevent
My ſin by death.

Nu. Dear Madam, ſome reſtraint,
Give to theſe paſſions. I the more eſteem
Your life, becauſe you do your ſelf condemn.

Ph. Yes, dye I will: but whether halter, knife,
Or leap from *Pallas* tower conclude my life
I know not yet. Oh that my chaſtity
Can only guarded by ſelfe-ruine be.

Nu. What think'ſt thou me? ſo impotent my age
To ſuffer this? yet moderate thy rage.

Ph. To ſuch as merit, and reſolve to dye
Reaſon in vain doth urge the contrary.

Nu. Thou onely comfort of my aged yeares,
Since ſo perverſe, a fate thy will ore-bears,
Contemn thy fame. Fame ſpeaks not as it ſhou'd
Good to the bad, and bad unto the good.
Let us aſſay him, and this Nature prove,
So froward, ſo intractable to Love.
This labour ſhall be mine; Ile undertake
The Stubborn youth, and exorable make.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

[1] GOddess, the off-spring of the troubled floud,
And Mother to as troublesome a God,
[2] *The twin'd Cupid*; with what a certain aim,
Alike immod'rate in his flames and them,
The boy his shafts doth levell! the disease
Creeps through the marrow and impoverishes
With an insinuating fire the veins.
The Wound appeareth not in scars, but pains
Within, ransacks the very bones; this boy
To peace is a professed enemy.
Thorow the world, his shafts are nimbly thrown,
Those Coasts that first salute the rising Sun,
Or bid him last good night: those that do sweat
Under the torrid *Crabs* consuming heat,
And those which doe beneath the cold *Bear* freeze,
Peopl'd but with uncertain Colonies
Have felt these flames; in youth he blows the fire,
Reviveth age-extinguished desire
In crazed limbes, and the cold Virgins snow
Melts with a warmth her bosome doth not know.
At his command the Gods forsake the skies,
And borrowed shapes obscure their Deities.
Phœbus his harp layes by; unequall reeds
[3] Gather the herd he in *Thessalia* feeds.
[4] How often hath the cloud-dispelling *Jove*
Bin clothed in the meanest shapes for love?
Now like a Swan he claps his silver wings,
And sweeter than the dying true one sings. Now

Now like a wanton Steer in play doth take
The Royall Virgin on his humbled back,
With his oare-imitating feet he plyes
His brothers waves, and unknown Realms descries;
He breaks the Sea with his opposed breast,
Of his fair Rape, fear'd to be dispossest.
The clear-fac'd Goddess of the night hath burn'd,
And over her forsaken Chariot turn'd
To her unskilful Brother; now the Sun
Doth learn to drive two horses, and doth run,
A shorter course; day rises slowly, and night,
Keeps no proportion with the wronged light
Retarded by the unaccustom'd weight.
7 *Alcides* hath his quiver laid aside,
And the *Nemæan* Lions dreadfull hide;
Now he the Emrauld to his finger fits
And his neglected hair in order sits.
With gold-embroidered buskins he doth bind
His legs, his feet, in yellow socks contein'd,
And with that hand in which the club was born
He twists the threed, and doth the spindle turn.
Persia, and fruitfull *Lydia* saw the skin
Of the fierce beast lye by rejected then;
And those huge shoulders, which did once support
And serve for pillars to the heavenly Court,
Clad in a Pall with *Tyrian* purple dy'd,
The fire is sacred, (credit those have try'd)
And but too potent; for as far as land
By the salt Ocean is invirond, and
The scattered Stars illuminate the Skie,
Reaches the Kingdom of this peevish boy.

Though guarded by the interposed seas,
His darts have wounded [8] the *Nereides*;
Nor could the Ocean quench the kindled flame,
The feather'd Nation too hath felt the same,
By lust provok'd; how the fierce Bull hath warr'd
To be the sole Commander of the Herd!
The tim'rous Hart his rival once in sight,
Fearles, himself addresses to the fight;
And testifies his fury with his voice.
Then the black *Indies* tremble at the noise,
Of spotted Tigres: Then, all white his mouth.
With rage engendred foam, the wild Boar doth
His deadly tushes whet: The Lyon when
He feels this sting of Love, his horrid mane
Tosses on high, the very forrest faints
Then with the noise of her inhabitants.
The Monsters of the deep this power have prov'd,
Both they, and the *Lucanian* Oxe have lov'd.
Nature doth claim a priviledge in all,
Her yoke is universall, hate doth fall
At the command of Love, that ancient fire
Extinguish'd by the new one of desire,
Why should I more rehearse? it is enough
We see a Step-dames bosome not of proof
Against the Strok of Love. What news bringst thou?
Speak Nurse, and say, where thou hast left her now.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Nurse.

Nu. NO hope can salve this sore, nor wil that fire
Be ever quench'd which frenzy raizes high
Although no crackling flame, although conceald (er
In her close breast, 'tis by her face reveal'd;
Her eies doe sparkle, and her shrunke cheeks flie
The light. Best pleased with variety
Is her divided soul; her body feels
The motion of her troubled sprite and reels.
Now her faint limbs a dying measure tread,
And scarce her weary neck sustains her head;
Now would she rest a while, but straight forbears
Forgotten sleep, and spends the night in teares:
She rises, and again is laid: Shee looses
Her scattered tresses, and again composes;
She varies habit, weary of her self,
And grows regardless both of food and health;
She languishingly goes, her strength decay'd
And from her cheeks the wither'd roses fade.
Care doth dissolve her joynts: a trembling pace
She holds, not near so comely as shee was.
And those same eyes, that testified her line
From *Phœbus*, nothing like her Grandsire shine.

Still

Still are her cheeks with teares bedewed: so
A warm showr melteth the dilated snow
Upon the cliffs of *Taurus*; but behold
The Court is ope, where on a couch of gold
Leanes the inclined Lover, and her brain
Distemperd, doth her own attire disdain. (bear
Ph. Good maids these gold and purple garments
From hence, what should the *Tyrian* dye doe here?
Or wooll, which the trees mollified rind
Yeelds to the Sexes? a short Zone shall bind
My loins, for expedition girt; no load
Of pearl, on us by Indian Seas bestowd,
Shall lengthen out my cares, nor will I deck
With any Carkanet my widdowed neck.
No perfume my dishevel'd hair doth need,
Careless upon my neck and shoulders spread,
And by the wind displayed, my left shall bear
A quiver, and my right hand shake a spear.
1 Such was *Hippolita*, and as she guides
From frozen *Tanais*, and *Mæotis* sides
Her troops to Attick coasts, her hair collected
Into a knot, and then again rejected;
A Crescent shield gaurding her side, even so
Accoutred I, into the woods will goe.
Nu. Complain no more, grief doth not ease (great
The wretched. Wil the fire observe a mean? Queen)
Invoke the Virgin Goddess of the wood.
Hail sacred Queen of forrests, whose abode
Alone is on the hills; alone who art
There worshipped, these dire portents avert.
Thou

Thou, the woods awfull Deitie : the bright
Planet of Heaven, the ornament of night,
One of the worlds alternate lamps, the trine
Aspected *Hecate* favour our design.
Tame this hard-hearted youth, that he may learn
To love, and with a mutuall ardour burn ;
Incline his cares, his brest unarme, his mind
Ingraft in hers, though froward, harsh, unkind ;
Let him pay *Venus* homage, thus thy might
Employ. So still unshaded be thy light.
Through the dispersed clouds making thy way
With thy resplendent horns : so from thy sway
2 May no *Thessalian* Witches thee constrain,
3 Nor thou thy honour forfeit to a Swain.
Goddess invok'd, thou'st heard my prayer, lo now
I see him paying of his yearly vow.
Alone he is, wherefore are these delayes ?
Art must be us'd. Fortune gives time and place.
What tremble I ? 'tis hard for to obey
A Crime, but he that fears a prince must lay
Conscience aside, and modesty expell,
The bashfull never serv'd a Monarch well.

Actus Secundi. Scena Secunda.

Hippolitus. Nurse.

Hip. THy weary steps why hither bendest thou
With such a clouded face, & troubled brow,
Good

Good Nurse? I hope my Father is not dead,
Nor *Phædra*, nor the pledges of their bed.
Nu. Fear not, obsequious Fortune, on thy house,
Still waits, and still the land is prosperous.
But thou, mild as thy houses fate, to me,
Give ear, who 'm so sollicitous for thee;
Because thou thus afflictst thy self, whom fate
Makes wretched, we may wel comiserate;
But who court danger, and themselves abuse
With needless tortures, they deserve to loose
Those blessings which they knew not how to use.
Rather in pitty of thy yeers, thy mind
Release, and in a festive measure joyn'd,
Advance thy torch; in wine thy sorrows drown
Enjoy thy youth, which will be gone too soon.
Now apt for all Impressions is thy brest,
Venus to yong men, is a welcome guest.
Now glad thy soul: Why shouldst thou lye alone?
Solace thy youth, but too unpleasant grown:
Slacken the reins, wholly to riot bent.
Nor let thy better dayes be thus mispent.
The Gods draw out our lives by their degrees
Allotting them peculiar properties.
Cheerfull when yong, image reserv'd. Why doth
A hard restraint thus kill thy toward youth?
A large encrease shall crown the husbands toil,
Whose seed is rightly fitted to his soil:
And all the trees are over-grown by those
Which still uncropt preserve their maiden boughs.
Good dispositions greatest praise doe merit
When nat'rall freedom guides a noble spirit. Sal-

Salvage, and ignorant, thou to a wife
Preferr'ſt a melancholy ſingle life.
Doſt thou thinke toil a priviledge? to ride
The fierie courſer till he loſe his pride,
Or try the bloudy iſſue of a field?
When the eternall providence beheld
So many enemies to life he made
Freſh off-ſprings to repleniſh the decay'd.
Go too. Let *Venus* of humane affaires
Diſpoſe, who our diminiſh'd ſtock repairs;
Should but our youth be barren all thou ſees,
After an ages ſtanding vaniſhes.
Coverd'with rubbiſh, the uncultur'd land
Would lye, the ſea unnavigated ſtand,
The empty forreſt; beaſts, air, birds would want,
The wind being the ſole inhabitant.
How many caſuall deaths on mankind wait,
Extinguiſh'd by the ſea, the ſword, deceit!
But ſay that theſe were wanting: yet to all
For to purſue their end is naturall.
Nature the guide of life, obey'd, frequent
The Citty then, and publike meetings haunt.
Hip. There is no life more free, void of offence,
Or nearer to the priſtine Innocence,
Than what is to the woods confind, who lives
With a clear Conſcience on the mountains cliffs
Is not enflam'd with avarice, nor draws
The aire of ſeldome merited applauſe.
Is not with envy ſwell'd, nor kindnes blown,
Nor favorite, nor vaſſall to a crown.

He

He covets not vain honours, nor th' uncertain tide
Of wealth, not hope and fear doe him divide
Him ſcarce the poiſonous tooth of malice wounds
Nor doth he know the uſuall crimes of towns,
And great concourſes, feares not every noiſe
Like guilty perſons, nor inventeth lies ;
A thouſand Columes don't his roof uphold,
Nor are his rafters faſtened with gold.
His Altars doe not flow with ſtreams of blood,
Nor, with the ſacred meal, their foreheads ſtrew'd,
A *Hecatombe* of white oxen expects
The ſtroak of death, and bow their hundred necks.
But he the countrey doth enjoy, endu'd
With a moſt ſweet and pleaſing ſolitude.
Harmleſs he wanders through the open air,
Nor can he any thing but beaſts enſnare.
And, when with labour faint, his weary limbs
Refreſhes with *Iliſſos* Chryſtall ſtreams,
Now he on bankes of ſwift *Alpheus* lyes,
Now thickeſt coverts of the wood deſcries,
(Where cool *Lerna* through her tranſparent ſpring
Shews her clear bottome,) ever wandering.
Here birds complain, there th'ancient Beech receive
Some gentle wind, and ſhakes her tremblag leaves
Strech'd on a winding ſhore he loves to take
A nap, and the bare turfe his bed doth make ;
Whither a fountain falls in ſcatter'd ſhowers,
Or flying ſtreams ſalute the new-born flowers
With murm'ring courtſhip : Wildings are his food,
And ſtrawb'ries gather'd from the underwood.

Meats

Meats quickly cooked, he delights to fly
Far from the Courts exceſſive luxurie,
Let the ambitious drinke in golden cups.
With what a guſt he the pure fountain ſups
From his convexed palm ; and ſleep more ſound
Securely laid on the obdurate ground.
He lewdly ſeeks not a retired bed,
Nor in cloſe corners hides his fearfull head:
But he doth the freſh air, and light enjoy,
And that he liveth, Heaven can teſtifie.
I verily beleeve thoſe *Heroes* did
Live thus whom after ages Deifi'd.
They had no thirſt of gold, no ſacred ſtones
Did limit their unknown poſſeſſions.
Bold ſhips plough'd not the deep, to forreign ſhores;
But kept to their own ſeas, no lofty towres
And ample bulwarks did the city fence,
In armes an univerſall ignorance.
No engines forc'd the gates, no oxen plough'd
The earth; ſhe wore no badge of ſervitude,
Fields fruitfull of themſelves ſuffic'd to feed
A ſparing people that did little need.
Woods native riches, and ſome ſhadie cave
To them unartificiall lodgings gave.
Firſt headſtrong wrath, a furious love of gain,
And luſt, which in enflamed minds doth reign,
Broke this integrity, then did there come
A bloody thirſt of Empire in the room.
Great men did prey upon the leſs, and might
Was choſen arbitrator unto right.

Then

Then with bare hands they fought: untrimed boughs
And stones were the first weapons they did use.
The cornell was not shod with ir'n, nor ty'd
The souldier a long sword unto his side,
Nor horses manes crested their helmes; but vext
With smart they took the weapons that were next.
Dire *Mars* invented war-like stratagems,
And thousand forms of death, hence purple streams
Defil'd each land: bloud dy'd the blushing mane
Then endles crimes in ev'ry house did reign:
No sin but grew a President; the child,
His Father, Brothers have their Brothers kill'd,
Women their Husbands, wicked Mothers slew
Their infant births. What then did Step-dames doe
Nothing indeed's more mild than beasts, but this
Woman, sins ringleader and Artifice
Besets our souls, how many Cities are
Fir'd by her Incests, lands ingag'd in war,
And peoples by the ruin'd weight oppr'est
Of their own Countries? not to name the rest:
3 *Medea* speaketh the sexe cruell.

Nu. Why.

Condemn'st thou all for ones Impiety.

Hip. I flie, abhor, curse all. Whether it from
Reason, or nature, or meer frenzy come:
I love to hate them: Water shall abide
Sooner with fire: Vessels securely ride
In the devouring 4 *Syrtes*; the bright day
Sooner shall rise from the *Hesperian* Sea,
And wolves be mild to kids, than this my mind
Admit a courteous thought of woman-kind. *Nu.*

Nu. Love, the perverse oft tameth, and removes
All hatred; this thy Mother Country proves.
Ev'n that fierce Nation did obey the will
Of Love, or thou hadst been ungotten still.
Hip. In this respect I'm glad my Mothers dead,
Because my hate is now unlimited.
As a fix'd rock on every side, in vain
Assail'd by waves, doth beat them back again;
So he despises what I say: but see
Where the impatient lover comes (ah me)
What Fate attends her? whither falleth shee?
Upon the earth her body breathless lyes,
And death-like paleness doth benight her eyes,
Madam look up, unloose your tongue, behold,
Hippolitusses arms do you enfold.

Scena Tertia.

Phædra. Hippolitus. Nurse.

WHo calls me back to grief; my bosome fir'd
Anew? how sweetly had I here expir'd?
But why refuse I life? courage my mind,
Try, execute what thou thy self injoyn'd.
Speak boldly, she, who fearfully doth crave,
Begs a deniall; my worst crime I have
Acted long since. Shame commeth now too late,
I've lov'd a sin, if in it fortunate,

A Husbands name may palliate the deed;
Those sins are oft thought honest, which succeed.
Go too, begin my soul. Sir, I a while desire
Your privacy: let all the rest retire.
Hip. See here is none to interrupt us; speak.
Ph. But my seal'd lips cannot the silence break.
Both urg'd to speech, and forced to be still.
I call you Gods to witness that my will.
Hip. Can you not speak your mind.
Nu. Great griefs are best
By silence, little ones by words exprest.
Hip. Mother give me the burthen of your cares.
Ph. The name of Mother to much distance bears.
An Humbler name becomes our Love. Call us
Thy sister, or thy maid, *Hippolitus*.
But rather maid. I the most slavish yoke
Will wear. Command it shall be undertook.
Ile clime the frozen *Pindus* through deep snows
Run through the fire, and armed troops; expose
My naked brest to naked swords, receive
1 This Scepter then, and let me be thy slave.
To rule becommeth thee, me to obey.
It ill becomes a womans arm to sway
So great a Nation, thou who 'rt in the pride
Of blooming youth, thy Fathers people guide.
Protect thy suppliant in thy bosome hid.
Take pitty on a widdow.
Hip. Heaven forbid:
Madam my Father will come safely back:
Ph. From *Styx*, and those insatiate realms no track
Doth

Doth lead to the forsaken light, shall he
2 Who came a ravisher, dismissed be?
'Lesse *Plut'ol* sit down a tame Cuckold too.
Hip. Heavens far more equall power this will doe.
But while it yet rests in suspence, I le please
My Brethren with all fitting offices
Protect Thee, that thou seem not widdowed: I
The absence of my Father, will supply.
Ph. O credulous Lovers! O deceitfull Love!
Hath he not said enough? now prayers shall move.
O pitty; hear even my silence wooe.
I would, yet would not speak.
Hip. What ailest thou?
Ph. That which thou little thinks a step-dame should
Hip. Speak plainly and thy doubtful words unfold.
Ph. Why Love within my raging bosome fumes,
And with a cruel fire my reins consumes.
The flame which in my bowels hid remains
Thence shooteth up and down my melting veins,
As agile fire over dry timber spread.
Hip. What with chast love of *Thesens* thou art mad?
Ph. Thou art in the right: I love that ancient face
Which *Thesens* had when he a stripling was;
When first the down budding upon his chin
He saw the house the 3 *Minotaur* was in,
And crooked mazes the long thred up wound.
How glorious then? his hair with fillets bound,
A dainty blush over his cheek was spread,
And his soft arms were the securest bed.
Like thy *Diana*, or my *Phœbus* then;
Or rather thee: thus, thus he looked, when

He pleas'd his foe; thus loftily did bear
His head, but thou art something hansomer;
Thou'st all thy fathers parts; and yet against
Reason some of thy Mothers too retain'st,
A *Scythian* rigour in a *Gracian* face;
Had'st thou come with thy Father in those dayes,
Then *Ariadnes* clew had sure been thine,
Thou, thou my Sister, wheresoere thou shine
In spangled skies, a cause so like thine own
Assist; one family hath both undone,
The Father thee, and me the Son, thou sees
A suppliant Princes fallen on her knees;
Free from aspersions, innocently good;
Chang'd but to thee; I'm sure none else have woo'd
This day to grief, or life an end shall bring,
Pitty a Lover.

Hip. Thou Almighty King
Of Gods canst thou so mildly see, so mildly hear
Her wickednes? if now the Heavens be clear,
When wilt thou thunder? let the troubled air
Now run on heaps, and day a Vizard wear.
May the reversed Stars now backwards run.
And what dost thou, thou the irradiate Sun
Behold thy Grandchilds lusts? for shame lay by
Thy beams, and into utter darknes fly.
And why art thou idle Spectator turn'd
Great *Jove*, the world not yet with lightning burn'd,
Thunder at me; let thy quick flame consume
Me, I am wicked, and deserve the doom.
I've pleas'd my Step-dame, merit I to be
Incestuous thought? for this Impiety. Seem'd

Seem'd I moſt fit? deſerves my ſtrictneſs this?
O Women excellent in wickedneſs!
O thou in thy unbounded luſts more wild
Than was thy Mother! Shee only defil'd
Her ſelf, yet was the wicked theft betray'd
By the Prodigious iſſue which ſhee had;
The doubtfull birth witneſs'd his Mother's ſhame
With his fierce look, from the ſame womb thou came
Thrice happy are they in their proſp'rous fate
Who are by fraud conſum'd, deſtroid by hate;
Father I envie thee: this ſin, this ſin,
Is greater then *Medeas* could have been.

Ph. I know our houſes Fate; I crave, I know
What is forbid, but cannot help it tho,
Thee thorough flames, o're rocks; the foaming deep,
And heady torrents company I'le keep.
Where ere thou goes, there frantick I will be,
Behold coy youth, again I kneel to thee.

Hi. Keep of, and touch not my chaſt lims, what now
Immodeſt wretch, wilt thou imbrace me too?
Then ſhall my ſword due vengeance take; my hand
Wreath'd in her hair, her ſhameleſs neck doth bend.
Bow-bearing Goddeſs, never bloud with more
Juſtice was on thy Altars ſpilt before.

Ph. Why now *Hippolitus*, I have my wiſh:
Thou curſt my frenzy; 'bove my hope was this,
To periſh by thy hand, and chaſt.

Hip. Avaunt,
And live; leaſt any thing to thee I graunt,

Nor shall this steel, by thee polluted, ere
Defile my chaster side by hanging there.
What *Tanais*, what *Maotis*, which doth pay
His waters tribute to the Pontick sea
Can wash me clean? not all great *Neptunes* flouds
Can expiate this crime. O Beasts! O Woods!
Nu. Why so dull sulled? now the crime is known
Let us plead force and uncompelled own
The impious act. Sin is best hid by sinn,
Who fear to be accused, should begin.
Whether the lewd attempt were ours or his,
Since secret, who shall be his witnesses?
Help, help, *Athenians* servants; the obscene
Hippolitus is ravishing the Queen;
Her with his naked sword he threatneth,
And awes her chastity with fear of death.
See now he flyes, and by his fearfull speed
Hath left his sword, a witness of the deed.
First chear the Queen, but let her hair still be
Thus torne, and thus disordered as you see.
These pregnant testimonies of an act
So vile, bear to the City; recollect
Your senses; Madam, Why, alas, do you,
Afflict your self, and fly the publike view?
No Woman ever was from the event
Esteem'd immodest, but from the assent.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

SWift as a tempeſt doth he fly ſo faſt
Cloud-gathering *Chorus* doth not make ſuch haſt
A ſhooting Meteor doth more ſlowly ſtream,
When rapid winds fan the extended flame.
Now may admiring Fame conferr on thee
The honour due to all antiquity:
For ſo thy beauty doth all others paſſe,
As *Phœbe* ſeemeth fairer then ſhe was,
When at the full ſhee doth her fire combine
With meeting horns, and all the night doth ſhine
Bluſhing ſhe riſes, and the leſſer ſtarres
Doe loſe themſelves in that great light of hers.
The evening ſtar appeareth not more bright
When firſt he uſhers in the ſable night,
Now [2] *Heſperus* when riſing from the main,
But in the morning *Lucifer* again.
Nor thou [3] *Bacchus* for ever young, thy hair
Unſhorn, and vines wreathed about thy ſpear,
With which thou doſt thy ſluggiſh Tigres wound,
Thy horned temples with a Mitre bound,
Doſt his untrimmed locks excell; nor ſet
Thy beauty (*Theſeus*) on too high a rate,
Becauſe the rumour generally goes,
That *Phædra's* [4] ſiſter thee 'fore *Bacchus* choſe.
Beauty thou moſt uncertain good, the gay
And fading treaſure of a ſhort-liv'd day
With winged feet how doſt thou poſt away!

The scorching heat of summer hath not kil'd
So soon, the verdant glory of the field;
Ith' middle of the Solstice, when the night
Contracts her self, and makes more room for light:
As these fair colours that adorn the face
Are in a moment gone; no day doth passe
But may the ruines of some beauty boast,
Form is a fading thing. O! who would trust
So frail a good? use it while thou hast power,
For time doth steal away, and every houre,
Is worse than that which went before,
Why lov'st thou deserts? beauty is t'in sure
In those untrodden paths, as unsecure
If hid from middayes heat in woods thou be
Loose rings of [5] *Naiades* will compass thee,
Who choicest youths imprison in their streams:
And wanton [6] *Silvans* shall ensnare thy dreams.
Or if the [7] Moon thought younger than the old
Arcadians from her Starry Orbe behold
That she with wonder will be fixed there.
Of late she blush'd, nor any clouds appear
To vail her naked Lustre, but we grown
Sollicitous for th' colour she was on,
[8] Our kettles beat against *Thessalian* spells
When besides thee, she had no leasure else;
Thou wert her only cause of stay, and shee
But stopt her chariot while shee look'd on thee.
Let fewer frosts but nip thee, and the rayes
Of *Phœbus* seldomer salute thy face,
It will excell the Parian Marble, how
That pleasing frown becomes thy manly brow!

How

How grave a Majesty is seated there!
Although thy neck might with the Suns compare
His flowing tresses on his shoulders spread
With which hee's both adorn'd and covered:
That rugged front, becoming thee, and those
Short curles, which only Nature doth compose
Though the most warlike Gods thou mightst defie
And from the combate bear the Victory:
Though now, while yet a youth thou equallest,
Alcides brawnie arms, or *Mars* his chest.
If when thou rideſt, *Castor* never rein'd
His *Cyllarus* with such an even hand.
If when thy finger to the loop made fast,
With all thy force thou dost thy javelin cast;
The *Cretans* cannot shoot so far, who be
Esteemed Masters in Artillery,
Or *Parthian* like, direct thy shafts on high
And none return unblouded from the skie;
But in her bowels fixt, doe make the bird
Thy prey which in the middle region sor'd.
Yet (search all ages records for their fate)
The fair have seldome proved fortunate.
Some milder God protect thee, and may thou
Live till thou be deform'd, so aged too.
What dare not vexed women do? what snares
Shee to entrap the guiltless youth prepares,
Her cheeks she doth bedew; her head undresses,
And seeks beleef, in her disordered tresses.
All guil is com'd by woman, but who's he,
That in his face such marks of Majesty

Doth

Doth bear; his head erected with that state?
How like *Hippolitus* he is! but that
His cheeks do such a ghastly paleness wear,
And such a filth doth clot his flagging hair.
See *Theseus* self return'd to Earth is there.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertii. Scena Prima.

Theseus. To him Nurse.

Th. AT length returned from nights gloomy coasts
And th Pole which shaddows the imprisond
How light offends mine eies; now is the corn (ghosts
[1] *Triptolemusses* gift, the fourth time shorn;
Four Æquinoctials now hath [2] *Libra* seen;
While I uncertain of my Fate have been,
Betwixt the Ills of life and death divided. I
Retain'd this part of life, when I did lye
Buried my sence remaind. Great *Hercules*
Dragging the [3] dog from hell did finish these
Miseries, and brought me thence, but now it wants
The prop of strength, my tired courage faints.
And my legs tremble; what ado had I
To come within the prospect of the skie,
From *Phlegethons* Abyss! the toil did seem
Alike to flie from death, and follow him

But

But stay, what sudden out-cryes pierce mine ears?
Speak some one: In my gates, complaints, and tears,
And sorrow in variety exprest?
Indeed fit welcomes for a hellish guest.
Nu. Phædra resolves to dye; she doth despise,
Our bootless tears, and even now shee dies.
Th. What cause of death? why die? now I am come?
Nu. Ev'n that doth hasten her untimely doom.
Th. Thy doubtful speech some great thing doth pre-
Speak plainly, whence proceeds so wild a rage? (sage
Nu. In her own bosome she concealeth that,
To dye determin'd, none must know for what;
Forward, good Sir, forward, the business might
Crave your best speed.
Th. Open the door there straight.

Actus Tertii. Scena Secunda.

Theseus. Phædra. Nurse. Servants.

O Partner of my bed, dost thou receive
Me thus? This all the welcome I must have;
Lay by this sword; restore my troubled sence,
And say, what fury doth perswade thee hence.
Ph. Alas great *Theseus*, by thy Scepter, by
The toward hopes of thy Posterity,
By thy return, and me now dost permit
Me here to die.

The.

The. What cause requireth it?
Ph. The benefit were lost the cause once known.
The. Why none shall hear it but my self alone.
Dost thou mistrust thy Husband? never fear
My brest will prove a faithful Treasurer. (ceal'd
Ph. Conceal thou first, what thou wouldst have con-
The. Yet shall all means of dying be withheld
From thee.
Ph. The willing can't want means.
The. Relate,
What crime thou with thy death wouldst expiate.
Ph. Why that I live.
The. Cannot my tears prevail?
Ph. That death is welcomest which friends bewail.
The. Well she is obstinate; but I will force
What she conceals with torments from the Nurse.
Load her with irons, stripes shall make her betray
What ere she knows.
Ph. Now I will tell you, stay.
The. Why dost thou turn away thy face, and seek
To hide the tears, which trickle down thy cheek?
Ph. Thee, thee, Father of gods, and thee from whom
Our houses first Originall did come,
Dayes brightest Lampe, I call to witness how
I neither to his prayers, nor threats did bow,
And yet my body did his force sustain,
But with my bloud, Ile wash it clean again.
The. Say who hath been the ruine of our fame?
Ph. One whom then little thinks.
The. Tell me his name,
Ph. This

Ph. This sword will tell you, which he left, afeard
To be attach'd by the alarum'd guard,
The. Oh me! what crimes, what monstrous crimes
Behold? rough with the little Imagerie, (doe I
The Iv'ry hilt with those Illustrious [1] signs,
Which glorifie th' *Actean* Nation shines,
But how escaped he?
Ph. Why these can say,
With what a fearfull speed he fled away.

Actus Tertii. *Scena Tertia.*

Theseus.

The. OH sacred Piety! O King of Gods, (floods
And thou who rul'st the [1] second *Lot*, the
What rage possest this impious brat? did *Greece*,
Taurus or *Colchian* [2] *Phasis* teach him this?
His deeds declare his line, and he hath shew'd
Whence he first sprung by his degenerate bload.
Those mad *Viragos* marriage do despise,
And weary of their long kept Chastities
Turn Prostitutes at last. O cursed root,
Which when transplanted bears no better fruit!
Yet even they flie Incest; an innate
Shame doth keep Natures laws unviolate.
Now where's his feign'd austerity, desire
To imitate the ancients rude attire,

Strictness

Strictness of manners, gravitie of look?
O jugling life, how art thou still mistook?
The foulest soul wears the serenest face.
The Impudent doth blush, Strife seems at Peace,
Sin wears the robes of Piety, Deceit
Applaudeth truth, and the effeminate
A rigid abstinence doe counterfeit.
Thou the fierce Virgin Sylvan wert thou then
Reserv'd for this? must thy sins write thee man?
And in thy Fathers bed? nów on my knees
I humbly thanke the carefull Deities
That I did kill *Antiope*: least thou
Had'st in my absence forc'd thy Mother too.
Fly vagabond to unknown Realms, although
Thou to the worlds remotest countries goe,
Sever'd from Earth by interposing seas;
Or shouldst thou dwell in the *Antipodes*,
Or hide thy self in the obscurest hole,
Beyond the Kingdoms of the Northern Pole;
The seat of snow and winter left behind,
And the cold blasts of that loud-threatning wind;
Yet, yet the sword of vengeance should thee find.
I will pursue thee every where, search places
Remote, Landlock'd, abstruce, confounding mazes,
And wayes inexplicable; and where force
Cannot arrive, Ile reach thee with a curse. (gave
Dost thou know whence I came? great; *Neptune*
Me Pow'r three times to ask what I would have,
And seald his promise by the Stygian flood,
Behold how sorrowfull a boon I wou'd.

No

No more let him behold the light, but goe
From his wrong'd Father to the Ghosts below.
To me thy Son a hated pitty show.
This 4 last gift never had bin ask'd, if I
Were not oppress'd by such an injury.
When in the womb of Hel, where *Dis* did roar,
And threatning *Pluto* stormed, I forbore.
Make good thy promise now, why dost thou stay?
Why hast thou still so undisturb'd a Sea?
With wind-contracted clouds, put out the light
Of Stars, obscure the Heav'ns, and masque the night;
Pour out thy Seas, drive all thy Monsters hither,
Call from the Deep the waves retired thither.

Exit.

CHORUS.

O Nature Mother to the Gods and *Jove* (move
Who sway'st the bright *Olympus*, who doest
The Stars scatterd in their swift Orbe, and force
Ev'n those wand'rers to observe a course,
And on their hinges turnst the 1 Poles; Why art
Thou alwaies busied in the heavenly part?
Still ord'ring those Celestiall Forms? why dost
Thou take such care that now the winters frost
Sould strip the woods, and then again t' adorn,
Them with fresh shades; that now the parched corn
The rage of the hot 2 Lion should endure,
Which the more temp'rate Autume doth mature?
But why hast thou, who these dost regulate, (weight
And mov'st the Sphears poys'd with their proper

So

So little care of man : nor dost provide
That good the' good, and ill the ill betide.
Mortals doe follow the blind-guide of chance
Whose hoodwin'kt bounty doth the worst advance.
The holy perish in the crafty toils
Of lust : The Court is governed by wiles.
The people love to give the wicked pow'r,
And as soon hate whom they doe now adore.
Dejected vertue reapeth but a small
Reward for doing well ; the chaste doe fall
Under the curse of want : while potent vice
Is crowned for his fam'd Adulteries.
Vain Modesty : and empty Fame ! -- but stay,
What doth the breathless *Nuncius* hast to say,
And sadly stopping, what sinister Chance
Figures he in his wofull Countenance ?

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quarti. Scena Prima.

Nuncius. Theseus.

Nun. O The sad Fate of Servants ! Why am I
The messenger of our calamitie.
Th. Speak thy news boldly; custom thou shalt find
For all afflictions hath prepard my mind.
Nun. My tongue refuses the sad office.
The. Say, What fresh
Mis-fortunes our declining house oppress? *Nun.*

Nun. Ah me, your Son is dead.

The. I wept, my Son
Long since: now but a ravsher is gone.
But speak the manner.

Nun. Why as he forsook
The City, painting hatred in his look,
Away he flieth with redoubled speed,
And quickly harnesses his lofty Steeds,
Their mettal'd heat, he with the curb allayes,
And divers things unto himself he sayes;
Curses your throne, oft on your name doth call
And fiercely shakes his slackned reins withall;
When suddenly the Sea did roar and swell
Up to the Stars; not any breathing gale
Did crispe the flouds; no thunder tore the air,
The Sea it self raised a tempest there.
Sicilian Seas are with the South-wind lesse
Disturb'd, nor half that fury doe express
When [1] *Chorus* rains, stones tumbling up and down
And with white spume doth high [2] *Leucates* crown.
A hill of waves big with a Monster fled
Unto the shore to be delivered.
Nor is this tempest for the ships prepar'd
But for the land, the Sea rolls thitherward
With a main speed; nor can we guesse what she
Should labour with; what uncouth Prodigie
Earth would shew Heaven, a new [3] *Cyclas* did
Rise. [4] *Æsculapius* Temple now was hid,
And the sand rocks of *Scyron*, and with these
The land, straightned betwixt two neigh'bring Seas.

While these amaz'd we seek, behold the Main
Doth roar, and all the rocks resound again;
Whose tops are sprinkled with the waves, which he
Sucks in, and spouteth forth Vicissively.
So through the Ocean as the whirlpool roams
A globe of water from his nostrils comes.
Anon this mountain bursts, and to the shore
Brings something worse, than was our fear before,
The Sea doth follow where the Monster lead,
And overwhelms the land, we shook with dread.
The. What was the shape of this prodigious beast?
Nun. He like a Bul erects his seagreen crest,
And virid front: tosses his mane, his ears
Pricks up, and party-coloured horns he bears:
Such as might both the conduct of the herd
Become, and the Seas Issues he appear'd:
His eies do sparkle, and he vomits flame:
His neck curl'd like the Ocean whence he came,
His open nostrils snort aloud: his chest
And deawlap in tenacious Moss are drest:
His ample sides with red are spotted, then
Ends in a Monster; his huge slimie train
Drag'd after him, in farthest Seas those Whales
Have such which swallow up the obvious sails.
Earth trembles with the load: astonish'd fly
The scatter'd cattle, nor are followed by
Th' affrighted Pastor, beasts the forrest clear;
And all the Huntsmen are half dead with fear.
Only *Hippolitus* unmov'd remains,
And his amazed Steeds with straighter reins,
Encourag'd by his wel-known voice retains. To-

Tow'rds *Argos* lyes a ſteep and craggy way,
Which all the neighb'ring Ocean doth ſurvey:
Here this vaſt bulk doth whet himſelf, and act
In jeſt firſt, what he doth intend in fact.
But when he felt his rage increaſe, and had
Now long enough with his own fury plaid;
Away he flies, ſcarce any print remains,
And juſt before the trembling chariot ſtands.
Your Son nere changeth colour, but doth riſe
With angry looks, and thus aloud he cries;
I ſhall not eaſily be afraid of this;
To conquer Bulls 5 hereditary is.
But ſtraight his diſobedient Steeds, their load
Did carry thence, and having miſt the road
They follow'd as their fury lead, and ore
Uneven rocks the jolting Chariot bore.
He, as a skilfull Pilot taketh care
In a rough Sea to keep his Veſſell fair,
And with his art beguiles the waves; doth guide
His horſes, now he draws their mouths aſide
With the ſtrain'd bit, and now the ſcourge he uſes;
Nor all the way his foul companion loſes:
Now ſide by ſide, he keeps an equall pace:
Now right before; and terror brings each wayes.
But here the flight doth end; juſt in the way
Standeth the horned Monſter of the Sea.
Th'affrighted Steeds then loſt all rule, and ſtrove
To run down headlong from the rocks above;
Riſing before they caſt your Son, who, as
He fell, within the reins entangled was,

Which wound about his body, and the more
He ſtruggled held him faſter then before.
They with the empty Chariot run, this known
As their fear guides; commanded now by none
So feeling a ſtrange weight, and ſcorning that
Day was committed to a counterfeit,
Hurried through the air, the Chariot of the Sun
Shook from his ſeat the unskilfull 6 *Phaeton*
His blood beſmears the fields: his head the rocks
Doth beat, and Brambles tear away his locks;
Sharp ſtones diſ-figure his fair face, and by
Whole troops of wounds, his hapleſs form deſtroy.
The ſwift wheels drag, his dying limbs at laſt
His corps on an erected ſtake is faſt.
Struck through the middle of his groin, a while
He ſtaid his chariot fixed on a pile;
His ſteeds made a ſhort halt, but quickly they
At once both broke their Maſter, and delay.
Then briers and thorns his half-dead body tear,
And evr'y buſh, a piece of him doth weare.
His wofull ſervants are diſper'ſt to find,
Where his bloud marks the way, he thus diſ-joynd
Hippolitus; the howling Beagles goe
In queſt of their diſſever'd Maſter too.
Nor all their diligence as yet compleats,
The Corps, is this the honour beautie gets?
Who now, Partner, and heir unto a Crown,
As bright as any Conſtellation ſhone;
Is gather'd to his Urn in peeces now
O Nature, but too prevalent art thou.

What

What tyes of bloud doſt thou on Parents lay,
Which we, even againſt our wills, obey!
Whom dead I wiſh'd, now dead I weep for,

Nun. None.

Enough can weep, for what themſelves have done.

The. Mortals abide no greater curſe, than when
Conſtrain'd to wiſh what they unwiſh again.

Nun. Why do you weep, if you retain your hate?

The. Not that he's dead, but that I caus'd his fate.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

HOw fickle is the ſtate of man! the poor
Doe not the fierceſt ſtorms of chance endure;
She ſtrikes them with her lighteſt ſtroaks, they be
Crownd with content though in obſcuritie;
A homely cottage doth the eyelids cloſe
With a ſecure and undiſturb'd repoſe.
Thoſe lofty towers neer neighbours to the skie
Receive the Eaſt and South-winds battery;
The rage of the tempeſtuous *Boreas*, and
The ſhowr-accommpanied *Chorus* ſtand.
The humble valley is but rarely ſtrook
With thunder, when great 1 *Caucaſus* hath ſhook
And 2 *Ida* trembled. 3 *Jove* himſelf afraid
Of the ſeal'd heavens, hath earth his refuge made.
Plain homely roofs, and vulgar habitations
Have no extraordinary alterations,
When Kingdoms totter, on their craz'd foundations
Fortune doth flie with an uncertain wing,
And none can boaſt he hath her in a ſtring.

He who redeemed from eternall night
Again enjoyes the comfort of the light,
Now weepeth his return from Hell, and here
Meeteth a greater cause of grief than there.
Pallas, whom we to reverence are bound
That *Theseus* free'd from the *Stygian* sound
Again reveiws the Heav'ns; chaste Virgin thou
Art not beholding 4 to thy Uncle now:
The greedy Tyrant hath his number still.
What voice of weepings this? what bloody Scene
With a drawn sword prepares the frantick Queen.

Finis Actus Quinti.

Actus Quintus.

Theseus, Phædra, Chorus, Servants.

Th. WHat fury doth possess thee? why this sword
Wherefore about a body so abhor'd
Are these complaints and tears?
Ph. On me, on me
Pour forth thy wrath hard-hearted Deitie;
On me let loose thy Monsters, whatsoere
Tethys doth in her hidden bosome bear:
Whatever do in fartheſt Seas remain
Embrac'd by the unstable Ocean.
Oh *Theseus* ever fatall to thine own!
Now thy returne thy Father, and thy 1 Son,
Have purchas'd with their lives; still thou thy house
Destroy'st with Love or hatred of thy 2 Spouse;

Oh

Oh my *Hippolitus*, and doe I view
Thee thus? and must I be the Author too?
What 3 *Scinis*, what 4 *Procrustes*, what new kind
Of 5 double-visag'd *Cretan* bulls, confin'd
Unto 6 *Dædalian* Labyrinths, scattered
Thy limbs? Oh! whither is thy beauty fled?
Whither those eyes my stars! what, dead? Oh stay,
A while, and hear me what I have to say.
My language shall be chast; this sword shall thee
Into my bosome stab'd, revenge of me,
And death shall make me be *Phædra* no more,
As my impiety did once before;
Then will I follow thee through all the streams
Of Hel, through *Styx*, and channels fil'd with flams,
Let me appease thy Ghost, here 7 take this hair,
Which thus from the disordered fleece I tear.
Though in our wills unequall, we may try
An equall fate; if chaste, to *Theseus* dye:
If not, unto thy love; what shall I climbe
My Husbands bed defil'd by such a crime?
Or was this sin undone, only that I,
The abused Vindicator should enjoy
Of an unviolated Chastity?
O Death, the only cure of Love, who best
A broken Modesty recementest
To thee I fly: open thy quiet brest.
Athenians hear, and thou a Father worse
Than I a Stepdame, what I did rehearse
Was false and wicked; forg'd in my distracted
Bosome: thou'st punished; a sinne unacted.

By my incestuous guilt, guiltlesse and chast
He fel, now thy deserved praise thou hast.
This sword shall pierce my impious brest, and bring
My bloud to thy wrong'd Ghost an offering.
What thou shouldst doe now thou hast lost thy son,
Learn of a Step-dame: Flie to [8] *Acheron*.
The. You dark jaws of [9] *Avernus*, and you caves
Of [10] *Tenarus*, with you forgetfull waves
Of [11] *Lethe*, gratefull to the wretched, you
Dull lakes assist to overwhelm me too;
Load me with everlasting plagues, come now
You monsters of the deep; whatever thou,
[12] *Proteus* hast hidden in the utmost wombe
Of the Ocean, and ev'n that Ocean come,
And me glory'ng in such a crime convey
To the dark bosome of the profound sea.
And thou too prone a Father to my wrath,
Now I deserve to dye, by a strange death;
I have dispers'd my Son, and while afraid
To leave a false offence unpunished,
Acted a true; what fourth lot can I try?
[13] Heaven, Hell, the sea by my Impietie
Are fill'd, already in each portion known
Am I: Was my returne for this alone?
The way to light unstopt to shew me these
Sad and ingeminated obsequies?
Widdow'd and childles I that might at once
Kindle two fun'rall piles, my wives and sons?
O thou to whom this dismal light I ow,
Return me back unto those shades below.

But

But, Impious, I doe now in vaine preferre
Forsaken death; cruell Artificer,
Who findest out new waies of bloud, and death,
Now finde a curse thy sin which equalleth.
Pines humbled to the earth by force, at their
Release, my body shall in peeces teare,
Or I will jump from *Scyrons* rocks. I've seen
Worse judgements, what their sufferings have been
Girt with a mote of fire. I know what paines,
And future mansion for my self remaines.
Make roome you sinfull Ghosts; thy endlesse toile
Upon these shoulders lay, and rest the while
Faint [14] *Sicyphus*: let that false river slip,
When almost caught from this deluded lip.
Let [15] *Tityus* vulture leave him, and for food
Prey on my Liver still, to paine renew'd.
Rest my *Pirithons* Father, while I, bound
Unto thy Wheele, keep the perpetuall round.
Gape Earth, receive me Hell, receive me: this
A juster voyage for me thither is;
My Son I follow: fear not thou, who sway'st
That Ghostly Empire; my intent is chast.
In thy Æternall house receive me then,
Now never to escape from thence agen.
The Gods are not so much as mov'd with prayer;
But when I aske a crime, how quick they are!

Cho. Now pay the rites of fun'rall, and mourne,
These limbes you see so misrably torne;
You will have time enough to weep. *The.* O bear
Hither those reliques I esteeme so deare.

Give

Give me that burthen, and those limbs, but too
Irreverently gathered by you.
Art thou *Hippolitus*? thou art, the deed
I doe confess, and I thy Parricide,
Least I should sin but once, and that alone,
Did call my Father when I slew my Son.
See his Paternall Legacy. O rage
Which thus unpt oppest my declining age!
Let me embrace these limbs, and what is yet
Remaining in my bosome cherish it;
Joyn these dissected members and digest
Those parts in order which be thus displac'd,
Here put his right hand, here his left, once skill'd
In moderating of those reins it held.
This mark in his left-side, I know how great
A part have I to weep unfound as yet.
Hold out my trembling hands, and you restrain
My thirsty cheeks your ample showrs of rain,
While to my Son I count his limbes, and mold
His body new. This peece no shape doth hold
At all, with wounds so mangled 'tis unknown
What part it is, but sure I am 'tis one.
Here in this void, although not proper place
It shall be laid: Is this that Heavenly face
Humbled a Stepdames pride? that Beauty come
To this? O Gods how cruell is your doom!
Oh bloody fury! to thy Father thus
Com'st thou, and by my wish *Hippolitus*?
Here take my *Sires* last gift that I should bear (here
Thee oft; mean while wee'l burn these members
Open

Open the morning Court, and with loud cryes
Let all the Town the fun'rall solemnize.
Look you to th' Royall Pile 3 search you about
The Fields to find what yet is wanting out,
Give her the buriall of a ditch, where laid,
May earth lye 17 heavie on her Impious head.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Comments upon the First Scene: Act the First.

IF this Translation were only to fall into the hands of learned Readers, Comments were extreamly unnecessary, but since we know not how the capacities of all are pallated, the Reader will be pleased to look upon these Illustrations as Torches, which if they knew the way, are useless, if not may light their understanding.

1. *Parnes* is a Mountain in *Attica* the dominion of *Athens*.

2 *Zephyr* is the West-wind ennobled with sundry Epithites, and particularly in its derivative of ζωηφόροι, as causing Germination and pulbulation, he is called *Decoy*, because of the gentle showers he ushers.

3. *Illissus* is a River in *Attica*, which in its seasons (as all the rest is to be understood) is subject to congelations, so much the more observable, because *Greece* is lesse obnoxious to those inclemencies of cold then these Regions.

4. We should hardly avoid an Indecorum, if we did not reconcile

cile the author in this *Meander*, which though it be an Asiatick River, yet credulous antiquitie supposed, that after it had mingled with the Sea became emergent again in *Peloponesus*.

5. *Marathan* is a city in *Attica*, which owes the glory of its memory to a memorable defeat given to the Persian by the Athenian.

6. *Acarnania* is the Southern part of *Attica*, which by the benefit of its scituation, is more warm then the other parts of that Dominion.

7. *Hymettus* is a place there of great reputation for Bees.

8. A Village there adjacent.

9. *Sunion* is a Promontory, where the Sea being neer limitation, beats with extraordinary violence.

10. The Latine Copies read it *Philips*, mistaken for *Phibalis* a place in *Attica*, here supposed to be the lodge of a Bore, designd for *Hippolitus* his hunting.

11. *Diana* not unfitly termed Queen of the worlds solitary part, whether as presiding over the woods, or governing the night according to those Verses,

Terret Lustras agit Proserpina Luna Diana
Ima suprema feras sceptro fulgore sagitta.

12. *Araxes* is an Armenian River arising from the same mountain which gives source to *Euphrates*. To which the Author adds, *Ister* subject to Glaciation a River in *Germany*, that by their remotion, the universalitie of *Dianas* power may bee more conspicuous, which is his design in the following Verses.

Upon the Second Scene.

CRete, aptly invocated by *Phædra* as being her country, may justly be termed Soveraign of those Seas, being seated in the middle thereof, being washed with the *Ægean* on the North, the *Africk* or *Lybian* on the South, 279. miles in length, and 50. in breadth, having in its ancient greatness a hundred Cities, nor is it an unusuall Epithete in the Greeks to call it ἑκατόμπολις.

To understand this we must ascend to the History of *Theseus*, *Minos*, and *Phædra*, for the death of his Son *Androgeus*, made

an

an eager war upon the *Athenians*, who being compel'd to submission, were tied to this Article of sending seven yong-men every yeer to *Crete* to be given to the *Minotaur*, (a Monster begotten by a Bull upon *Pasiphae*;) the Storie is too obscene for publication) *Theseus* decision of fortune had in the third year selected *Theseus* for this sacrifice, who by the assistance of *Ariadne* daughter to *Minos* kild this monster, and evaded the Labyrinth. *Ariadne* and her Sister (our) *Phædra* were both taken by him, where after having ingratefully deserted *Ariadne*; this *Phædra* the remaining sister was brought to *Athens*, a country, Enemie to *Minos*, and married to him.

3. This is by an Ironie, noting *Theseus* as signall for Inconstancie, *Helene*, *Hippolita*, *Melibæ*, *Ariadne*, all belov'd by him, and forsaken after or destroyed.

4. By this audacious Champion is intended *Pirotheus* who after the death of his Wife *Hippodame* had with *Theseus* made a Vow never to marry any, but a Daughter of *Jupiter*; None of those Daughters being to be found above; hee, a true audacious Champion, descends to Hell, associated with *Theseus*, designing a Rape upon *Proserpine*, at the first assault *Cerberus* killed him, and *Theseus* endeavouring to afford him assistance, or revenge, was taken alive, there kept in chains by *Pluto*, and after rescued by *Hercules*. Others are of opinion that the descent into Hell, was rather to restore *Proserpine* to her afflicted Mother.

5. *Ætna* a Mountain vomiting flames in *Scicily*.

6. A solemn form of adoration to wave their Torches at Sacrifices, or other addresses, to their pretended Divinity.

7. In the building of *Athens*, antiquitie was credulous to believe of a contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva*, concerning the Protection and Nomination of this new City, which was to bee determined to bee dedicated to that God who should produce, the most profitable benefit to mankind; *Neptune* produced a Horse, because of his use in labouring of the ground and portage, but *Minerva* concluding peace and plenty to be the most commodious, caused the Olive to spring up, with giving her the victorie, she named the city (after her own name of *Athen*,) *Athens*.

8 *Pasiphae*, the Mother to *Phædra*, wife to *Minos*, whom they report to be enamour'd of a Bull, and by *Dedalus* his Art including her in a wooden Cow fed those wild flames with actuall enjoyment of her Beastly woer, from this unnaturall mixture, proceeded the *Minotaur*.

9. The Sun by discovery, of the embraces betwixt *Mars* and *Venus*, to *Vulcan* her husband, contracted the hate of this Goddess towards his issue, and *Pasiphae* being his daughter is beleeved to be struck with those unwarrantable flames by her revengefull design and appointment.

10. Daughter to *Minos* the son of *Jupiter*.

11. *Theseus* at that time was inchaind by *Pluto*.

12. *Minos* who by opportunitie of the scituation of his Kingdom, and benefit of a Navie, ruled all those Seas. In this she repeats all the ancestors of *Phædra*, as the *Sun* her granofather by the Mother, *Jupiter* by *Minos*, at once presenting her with the fear of Revenge by ampliation of their Power.

13. These Vertes are Ironick as upbraiding *Phædra* with that Monstrous love of her Mother, and the monster her Brother the *Minotaur*;

14. *Antiope* and *Hippolita* though different names are to be understood one Person, the Mother of *Hippolitus* a brave Amazon Princess, who in a combat with *Theseus* submitted to his more vigorous valour and was married to him, but after in some amatorie Expostulations taxing her Husband, he in his passion kil'd her.

15. *Phædra* palliates her impious crimes with the repetition of her Mothers lust, as if irresistibly derived to her from *Pasiphae*.

16. Both *Theseus* and *Pyrython*, being both adulterers, may more excellently give Indulgence to that crime in which they are equally guilty.

17. The sense is, Will *Minos*, who not so much as followed to revenge the Impiety and treason of *Ariadne* then running away with *Theseus*, be more severe in a Remoter cause?

18. *Theseus* then supposed dead.

19. *Pallas* Tower the Cittadel of *Athens*, which was divided into the three Parts, the *Acropolis* or Cittadell, the City, and the *Pyræum*.

Comments upon the Chorus.

Upon the Chorus of the first Act.

1 *Venerem ex spumâ maris & Cæli testiculis à Saturno excisis natam fabulantur.* This Goddess said to be born of the flood, either because of the Fluctuations and Perturbations which follow those Passions, attending the sight of Beauty, or because moisture gives all things radication so from prepagation (the act which this Goddes presides over) the species of things receive their rise and continuation.

2. This not to be understood of *Eros* and *Anteros*, but of a legitime and warrantable affection, and prohibited for impious desire, the warrantable Cupid, *Cicero* in his *De natura deorum*, will have to be the son of *Venus* and *Jupiter*, the Impious of night, and *Erebus*, something against the sense of the Poet, who would have them both born of *Venus*.

3. *Apollo* for the murther of *Cyclops*, being by *Jupiter* divested of divinity, submitted himself to be *Admetus* (then King of *Thessaly*) his Shepherd; but our Poet sems to have it be, onely in design to enjoy that Kings Daughter.

4. *Jupiter* in severall shapes accomplish'd his lusts, to possess himself of *Leda*, he became a Swan; to enjoy *Europa*, a Bull.

5. In the division of dominions betwixt the three Brothers, Heaven and Earth fel to *Jupiters* assignation, the Sea to *Neptune* and Hell to *Pluto*.

6. *Endymion* for his exact Observation of the renovations and decrescencies of the Moon was reputed by the fabulous & easie, faith'd antiquity to have bin admitted to her imbraces, and by her hid amongst the *Latmian* rocks in *Caria*, that she might undiscovered enjoy him; in the mean while her Brother, the Sun, at her Instance took the government of the night upon him: that Moony chariot being fained to have been driven with two Steeds, because of the less rapid motion of her course; compared to her Brother, to whom therefore they ascribed four.

7. *Hercules* is reported out of complacency to *Omphale* the Lydian Princess of whom he was passionately enamoured to have laid aside his club, and the hide of the *Nemæan* Lion, and cloath himself in female habit, and forgetting the memory of all his former generous undertaking, to apply himself to the Distaffe, and other womanly exercises.

8. The

8. The *Nereides* are supposed the daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris*, being all Sea-nymphs, and called by the Names of *Nesea Cymothoe*, and others, the names are at large in *Hesiods Theogenia*.

Act the second, Scene the first.

1. HIppolita from *Scythia* the seat of the Amazons invaded *Attica*, with her *Viragoes*, where being overcome in arms by *Theseus*, she captiv'd her conqueror by her beauty.

2. It was an opinion of the Ancients, that the Moon were obnoxious to the Charms of Witches, amongst none was more infamously famous then those of *Thessaly*.

3. This Verse hath a new reflexion of the Moons descending to *Endymion* a Carian Shepherd, and by the deprecation of such another descent, the Poet insinuates a diminution of her reputation by it.

Scene the second.

1. The Custome of the Ancients in their sacrifices, was to crumble upon the sacrifice Altar and knives, a cake of barley and salt, which being called in Latine *Mola* gave rise to the word *Immolare*.

2. The stones which bounded possessions were called sacred, either because it was amongst the Ancients esteemed sacrilegious to remove them, or because that upon them yearly, the Lords of those bounded possessions, used to sacrifice upon those stones to *Jupiter Terminalis*, or the God *Terminus*.

3. *Medea* is an apt example to obtrude an infamy upon her sex, for she betrayed her father *Æta*, tore in peeces her brother *Absyrtus*, juggled the daughters of *Pelias* into Parricide upon their own parent, destroyed *Creon* and his daughter *Creusa*, by caustick poisons, to testifie her revenging hatred to her husband *Iason*, killed her two sons *Mormorus* before the eyes of the deprecating father: And lastly, which *Hippolytus* seems to harp upon, being married to *Ægeus* (the graddfather to this young man, to preterre her own son) laid plots for the removall of *Theseus*.

4. The *Syrtes* are two dangerous Bayes in the Lybian Seas, full of flats, sholes, and quick sands.

5. Meaning the Amazons who by expulsion of their Husbands testifie their hate to Males, yet could this Love which thee persuades

perſwades him to ſubmit unto, prevaile upon his Mother notwithſtanding the diſadvantages of being an *Amazon* and a *Scythian*.

Scene the third.

1. *Theſeus* had committed the Regency of *Attica* to her during his abſence.

2. This ſpeech of *Phædras* appeares dronick, from the Improbability that *Pluto* ſhould diſmiſs One, who had a deſigne of rape upon his wife, and might, if returned, diſcloſe thoſe not to be made publick ſecrets of his darke Province; yet reflecting upon the power of Love, ſhe concludes, that that may bow even *Pluto* himſelf into Compaſſion.

3. Of the *Minotaure* already we have ſpoken.

4. *Ariadne* ingratefully deſerted by *Theſeus*, was after entertained by *Bacchus*; who in conſideration of her Love to him, tranſlated her into a Conſtellation, whom *Phædra* invokes from the ſimilitude of their affections, ſhe having doted on the father *Theſeus*, as *Phædra* on the ſon *Hippolitus*.

5. *Diana* which *Hippolitus* ador'd, or *Phœbus* Grandfather to *Phædra*.

Chorus of the ſecond Act.

1. *Chorus.*

2. *Heſperus* aſcending the Brow of *Atlas*, that from that height he might more conſpicuouſly contemplate the courſe of the Stars, by ſome accident, of either of chance, or malice, did there concealedly depart this life, which gave occaſion to conjecture, that he was tranſlated into that illuſtrious Star, which in the Evening we cal *Heſperus*, in the Morn *Lucifer*, or *Phoſphorus*.

3. Of *Bacchus*, his triumph over *India*, his attributes of ever-young naked, crownd with Ivy Horns, unſhorn, and the reſt; ſee *Natalis Comes Mytholog. lib. 5. cap. 13.*

4. *Ariadne* was at firſt enjoyed by *Theſeus*, afterward by *Bacchus*, which the Poet is pleaſed to aſcribe *Bacchenalion*, as fin-

ding a greater, and more attracting excellency in *Hippolitus* father, then *Liber Pater*.

5. The *Naides*, so called, ἀπὸ τε ναίειν, were Nimphs which the Ancients ascribed to Fountains, their imprisoning of beauteous young men in their streams, is taken from the Dissatisfaters of drowned *Hylas* and *Narcissus*.

6. The *Arcadians*, being *Greclans* of a more untracted antiquity then the rest, boasted their beginnings to be before the Sun and Moon.

7. How the *Driades*, or *Sylvan* Nymphs may be joyned with *Pan*, as being solacious, I know not; since *Plutarch* relates, that *Drias*, the daughter of *Faunus*, had such a particular abhorrence at the sight of men, that to avoid it, she declin'd all society, and at her Sacrifices, Males were prohibited to appear, unless this is spoken generally, and that story received as a particular exception.

8. The Ancients imagining the Moon subject to Incantations, used by beating of brass Basons, sounding of Trumpets, and all other clamorous means, to assist and recover, (as they thought) the Moon, labouring under an Eclipse.

9. *Paros* is an Iland amongst the *Cyclades*, ennobled for her excellent Marble.

Act the third. Scene the first.

1. TRiptolemus was an *Attick* Prince, who (preinstructed by *Ceres*) taught the *Athenians* Agriculture.

2. The Sun entring into the Æquinoctiall sign of *Libra*, makes a just æquality betwixt the day and night.

3. *Cerberus* is understood to be this Dog, a deformed Monster with three heads, and supposed by the Ancients, to be the Porter of Hell. Which *Hercules* in pursuance of *Euristheus*, his commands, brought away from Hell bound; at the same time he redeemed this our *Theseus*.

Scene

Scene the second.

1. *Greece* being subject to Piracies and Invasions, in its more fertile part, the Territory of *Atheus* being unfruitfull, was not so obnoxious to displanters; hence the *Athenians* boasted themselves to be aboriginall to that Country, and wore as an Emblem of it, golden Grashoppers upon their Bromes.

Scene the third.

1. See the *Chorus* of the first *Act*, number 5.

2. *Phasis* the greatest River of the Colchi, so much the more subject to an Epithete of Barbarisme, because it washeth the Country whence *Medea* had originall.

3. *Ægeus* the father of *Theseus*, had commanded him, if he returned successfull from the *Minotaure*, that the black sails of the returning Ship should be removed and white advanced. This *Theseus* forgetting; the mistaking father judging the event, suitable to the colour, precipitated himself from a Rock into the Sea, called from him *Ægean*. The *Athenians*, out of Gratitude to the father, and flattery to the son, reputed him translated into the God of the Sea.

4. *Theseus* had already enjoyed the benefit of two desires (the option of three being granted to him) the first was to be victorious over some barbarous Theeves then troubling *Attica*, the second, to evade the Labyrinth, and this third, that some Monster might destroy *Hippolitus*.

5. *Stix* an *Arcadian* River of a venomously cold quality, was by the Ancients supposed for a River in Hell, offuch a horrid reverence with the Gods, that whoever assumed the name of that to assure a vow, durst not infringe it. He who violated the sanctity of this Oath, was to be devested of all divinity, and deprived of Nectar for one hundred years.

Chorus of the third Act.

1. For notwithstanding the opinion of Mathematicians, the Poles doe move with the universe.

2. The Sun in *Leo* causes more then usuall colours.

Act the fourth. Scene the first.

1. *Corus* is a Wind usuall to the *Sicilian* Seas, which drives the Waves upon the *Italian* coasts.

2. *Leucate* is a Promontory in *Acarnania*.

3. The *Cyclades* are Ilands in the *Ægenian* Sea.

4. This prodigious floud arising, interposed betwixt us and the sight of *Æsculapius* his Temple, and those memorable Rocks called *Scironian*, from *Sciron* an infamous Robber, who there died, there by the hand of *Theseus*.

5. In allusion to *Theseus*, who destroyed the *Minotaure* of a mixt shape, half man, and the rest like a Bull.

6. The history of *Phaeton* is common. *Phaeton*, that the Sun would by some act of indulgence, own him to be his issue, begs of *Phœbus* the guiding of his Chariot for one day, which being granted, he by his ignorance put all things in such a fear of conflagration, that *Jupiter* to ebriate the disorder, struck him out of the Chariot with a Thunder-bolt.

Chorus of the fourth Act.

1. *Caucasus* is a ledge of extream high Mountains in *Asia* dividing *Scithia* from *India*.

2. *Ida* is a Mountain of *Phrigia*.

3. At the invasion of the Giants.

4. *Pluto* was Uncle to *Pallas*, as brother to her father *Jupiter*, who if he lost an inhabitant of *Theseus*, recovered another by *Hippolitus*.

Act

Act the fifth. Scene the first.

1. SEe the third *Scene*, *Act* the third, numb. 3.

2. By his indiscrete credulity in believing *Phædra* and his rash passion, in killing *Antrope*.

3. *Sinis* was an infamous theef, which tied passengers to trees forcibly bended together, which afterwards permitted to return to their naturall course, tare in Pieces all such as were held to them.

4. *Procrustes* of the same condition with *Sinis*, only varying something in cruelty; passengers, under colour of entertainment, were brought to a bed, which if they were too long, for by amputation of the extending part, they were equall, if too shott, they with racks were stretch'd out even with it.

5. The *Minotaure* of *Crete*, formerly spoken of.

6. *Dedalus* made that Labyrinth.

7. It was a custome amongst the Ancients, at the interment of their friends, by way of testification of their sorrow, and in honour of the deceased to cover their faces, and cut off their hair, as if they took no delight in any ornament of Nature after the decease of those persons, in whom they placed their supream contentment.

8. *Acheron* (in English joyless) is a River imagined to receive, first the souls of the deceased, because at the Moment of death, a certain fatall sadness seiseth so on the Spirits, that an easy divination may be made of death approaching, for then the memory and conscience of past actions (the River which we must first pass over) puts our immortall part into an apprehension of sinking under the burthen.

9. *Averna* is a Lake in *Campania*, neer the *Bajæ*, which because of the male-odoration of the air antiquity, supposed to be the first descent into Hell.

10. It seems those superstious ages ascribed severall descents into Hell, for *Tonarus* is here taken for it, at the straits whereof, *Hercules* descended thither, from whence he redeemed *Theseus*, and captivated *Cerberus*.

11. *Lethe* is another of those fabulously designed Rivers of which, whatever ghost tasted, an immediate forgetfulness of

all things past was its attendant; though in truth, *Lethe* is a River about the utmost extent of the *Sirtes*, which submerged and latent, for some miles breaks out again neer the City *Berenice*, from hence the wide-throated faith of the Ancient swallowd an opinion that it had his emergency from Hell.

12. *Proteus* a Sea God the son of *Oceanus* and *Tethis*, is said to feed *Neptunes* Sea-monsters, to be extream skilfull in divinations, and to transform himselfe into any shape.

13. *Theseus* imagining all places here, accuseth himself that in all places are full testiment of his guilt, in the shie *Ariadnes* constellation, witnesses his ingratitude in her trecherous desertion; Hell endures his accompanying *Pyritheus* thither, to assist his adultery upon *Proserpine*. The Sea accuseth him by his careless obedience to have sent his father precipitated thither.

14. *Sisiphus* for his numerous depredations upon *Attica*, was kill'd by *Theseus*. The Punishment afflicted upon him in Hell is supposed to be an injuctive taske to roule a great stone up to the top of a high Mountain, to which, when arrived, by its relaxency to the bottom, it makes his labour still beginning, but never accomplish'd.

15. *Titius* endeavouring to ravish *Latona*, *Apollos* mother, was by *Jupiter* struck dead with Thunder, others say, kill'd by *Apollo*, his sufferings are said to be by a Vultur gnawing perpetually on his Liver, which undiminishably continues.

16. *Ixion* the father of *Pyritheus* taken up by *Jupiter* into Heaven entertained lustfull thoughts towards *Juno*, of which *Jupiter* informed, framed a Cloud in the effigies of *Juno*, upon which the deceived adulterer begot the *Centaure*, being returned to earth, he vainglorioufly boasted of his embraces with the Queen of heaven; *Iupiter* to punish his violence, sunk him into hell with a Thunder-bolt, where he is tied to a wheel and tormented with perpetuall circumrotation.

17. Those dead, of whom the Ancients had any cause to detest the memory, were usually followed with an imprecation that the earth might lie heavy on them, out of a strange conceipt that the soul (which they believed to be inhumed with the body) could slowly, if at all, remove to the seat of the happy, by reason of its depressure with such a weight.

DIVERSE SELECT POEMS.

By the ſame Author.

On an old ill-favoured Woman, become a young Lover.

LOve me! Heaven bleſs me. Hadſt thou told me all
The common miſeries, which can befall
A man, to make him wretched; I had met
Them, and embrac'd them with a youthfull heat,
Rather then heard thee talke of Love; this newes
Is worſe then all the plagues the Gods can uſ,
To puniſh blacke offenders with; to thee
Want and continuall ſickeſſe, bleſſings be.
Sure thou doſt now like beggars, who to crave
Take a delight, though they may nothing have:
For I can nere beleeve, thou canſt acquaint
Thy hopes, with expectation of a graunt.
Be thine owne Judge, or call thy partiall glaſſe
To witneſs; canſt thou finde in all that Maſſe

Of monſtrous uglineſs, one peece that can
Render thee fit for the moſt ſinful man,
If all the reſt were anſwerable? no,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely boaſt that none can ſhow
So full a harmony, no part of thine
Can at his fellows richer form repine,
Nor can they for Supremacie conteſt,
When ev'ry part is worſt, and none is beſt.
Some, when *Pandora's* boxe was op'ned doubt,
That thou wert all thoſe plagus which thronged out.
And moſt agree, as ev'ry gen'rous God
A ſev'rall ornament on her beſtow'd,
The ſportive Deities have giv'n to thee
Each a particular deformity;
Jove gave thee an imperious mind; his Queen
Made thee a ſcold, and gave thee tongue and ſpleen:
Sol tan'd thy skin. *Iris* did paint thy face:
Hermes taught theft: *Saturn* gave length of dayes,
God *Momus* gave thee a repining ſoul:
Phœbe to keep thee chaſte, hath made thee foul;
Yet (it ſeems) *Venus* whom thou doſt adore,
Enrag'd at that hath made thy will a whore;
And *Mulciber*, who would not be behind
His courteous wife, gave thee a halting mind.
But by what chance into the world thou fell
None can conceive under a miracle.
Thy Mother (hadſt thou had one) at thy birth
Had frantick run as ſoon as brought thee forth:
The trembling Midwife from her ſhaking hands
Had let thee fall, killd in thy ſwathing bands.

The

The timely zeale elſe of the ſtanders by
Had rid the world of ſuch a Prodigy;
Or had'ſt thou, by their feare from preſent death
A while preſerv'd, drawn a contemned breath,
None would have fatherd thee, nor had'ſt thou bin
Eſteem'd the lawleſſe progeny of ſinne,
And of the people. Spurnd from each ones blood
Thou ſo had'ſt periſhed for want of food.
But thou'rt no humane ſeed, thy ſhapeleſſe age
Allowes thee not of mortall Parentage.
Yet 'twould almoſt perſwade me to beleeve
That (if thou be a woman) thou art *Eve*:
Onely I think man might have ſtood till now,
If *Eve* had been no hanſomer than thou;
For 'tis not time or age could change thee thus;
Thou wert by Nature made ſo leperous.
I rather think *Jove* did himſelfe transforme
To woe the Earth, and got thee in a ſtorme;
Or elſe ſome grave, fruitfull with dead mens bones,
Hath teem'd the off-ſpring of her Skeletons.
Thou art of ſuch a dirty mol'd; a thing,
Already ſo like earth, the grave can bring,
No change to thy complexion. I dare ſweare,
The Wormes would ſcorn to touch thee were thou (there.
Thou'rt a meer *Chaos*, which I am content
To grant that nature for a Woman meant;
But either ſhe forgot, or elſe her ſtore
Enriching other Beauties, made thee poore,
And of neceſſity ſhe left thee thus;
Some parts defective, ſome ſuperfluous,

And

And others so misplac'd, Poets would sweare,
Jove got thee on *Calisto* when a Beare;
And that the suddennesse of her translation,
Gave her no time to lick thee into fashion;
And I am halfe perswaded, thou dodst hope,
Some wealthy dowry from the skies should drop:
For if thou wilt be marry'd, thou hast neede,
To have a heav'nly Marriage-good indeede;
No temp'rall blessings ever were of force,
To countervaile so horrible a curse.
What madman dost thou thinke would give consent
To cast himself away for thy content.
Why this is worse. So would one death suffice;
Thus, never dead, continually he dyes.
For when thou opes thy sore, and dost relate,
Like a curst shrew the rigour of thy fate,
Telling what flames are in thy bosom bred,
A Feaver entertaines him in his bed:
If thy wan lookes for pitty seem to call,
Into a deep consumption he doth fall;
And when thy lab'ring eyes bring forth a floud
Of gore, for teares, he gets the flixe of bloud:
When thy rude cough doth shake each aged limbe,
An Ague, or the Palsie shaketh him.
Then if from thy pale Lips he drink a kiss,
Without an Antidote he poyson'd is;
But if he doe the Act, he doth mistrust,
He's damb'd for dealing with a Succubus;
Besides 'tis odds that he the [illegible] doth get,
Although thou have them not with meere conceit;

And

And for the Plague, there's none will doubt, but he
In a full measure hath it, who hath thee.
Now if thou knoweſt any man, who pleaſes
To marry ſuch a portion of diſeaſes,
Take him, for I'le be ſworn, if e're I doe it
The certainty of Heav'n muſt woe me to it.
What ſhould I doe with thee; unleſs that I
Durſt ſhew thee ſomewhere to get money by?
And then I doe beleeve, thy tongue might come
To ſave me the expences of a drum;
But when they had ſo foule a Monſter view'd,
Who muſt appeaſe the frighted multitude?
What muſt I doe, when ev'ry Clowne ſhall ſweare,
I raiſe the Div'l, and am a Conjurer?
When by my ſuff'rings cheated, I ſhall neede
Perſwade my ſelfe, that it is ſo indeede:
Confeſs the accuſation true, and tell
The Judge, thou art not onely the Dev'l, but Hell?
Durſt they looke on, in truth 'twere pretty ſport
To ſee thy cheeks enameled with dirt,
And yellow, when thy hollow eyes in red,
And white, are gorgeouſly apparelled;
Never Envy *Tyſiphone*; thy haire
May with the *Gorgons* ſnaggy locks compare,
And can (for ought I know) change men to ſtone;
I ne're durſt look what colour it was on:
Thy long and beaked noſe, offended with
The neighbourhood of ſuch a tainted breath,
Doth drop into thy mouth; belike a Rhewme
So ſalt might ſeaſon it, though not perfume:

Thy

Thy teeth (too weak a guard) for to oppoſe
The conſtant motion of thy tongue (God knowes)
All in griefes Liv'ry black, as if they mournd
For their departed Fellowes, are adorn'd.
Then thy hulch backe, ſplay foot, and beetle browes
I paſſe, almoſt afraid to think of thoſe;
Nor dare I ſpeak thy name, no more than once
The Jewes durſt doe their Tetragrammatons.
All generally is nought, for though there be
Some few things, which are ſimply good in thee;
Yet thoſe blind Pearles, thoſe bloud-ſhot rubies in
Thine eyes, that golden Ore upon thy skin;
Thy ſable teeth made of unpoliſh'd jet,
Are all like jewels in a Dunghill ſet:
And I to pitty thee ſhall be inclind,
Give me theſe gems, the dunghill left behind.

An

An Ale-match.

NOw are they set; by this time is the round
Begun, and their ambitious cups are crownd;
The health is nam'd the Kings, for the like good
Subjects thought that would breed the purest bloud:
'Twas a shrewd argument they should be maim'd,
When the first blow thus at the head was aim'd.
Nothing too much for's Majesty they thought;
Nor could their loves be limm'd in a small draught,
They were resolv'd to burne the stream of Fate,
And with whole pots, cement his broken state.
A deluge the old sinfull world did cleanse,
And they (by like) tri'd that authentique means.
But with a different successe, for then
Th' offended Gods destroy'd both beasts and men.
When this prepostrous floud of theirs oppreſt
Only the man, and multipli'd the beast.
Thus having rear'd the Standard of the King
They shortly after fell to mustering.
And first unto this desp'rate service presse,
Like carefull Souldiers, their own Mistresses.
I doe beleeve they had a plot, to prove
Whether worse drunkards made *Bacchus* or *Love*.
But now they found, consulting on the case,
Women were nothing if without their glasse.

So

So is their copie changed, and they took
A harder volume, but a lesser book.
I know not what temptation might be i'nt,
But sure they spoild their eies with the small print.
Often they read it, nor a time could find
To leave, till seeing double made them blind
'Twas wonderfull to see the Virgins Mothers:
Their pregnant healths delivered of others.
Fruition's the first born, they cannot scape
But their unbridled fancies act a rape.
Sure they were bashfull, or the Ladies coy,
That only in their drink they could enjoy.
Now their conceits are swell'd, and they will give
No credit unto Poets, but beleeve
Jove courted the *Acrysian* maid of old,
In showrs of Nectar, rather then of Gold.
They'r bold to thinke *Daphne* had never shrunke
The Love-sick God had he bin half so drunke
With any gen'rous liquor, as with pride,
He was before, or Love when her he spide.
Had lack'd a tree till now; the Virgin had
The guerdion not of wit, but drink bin made.
The next is to *love me*, but in that case,
Who could, beyond my understanding was
Nor was I much inquisitive, I know
What they did drink, no matter then to who.
Besides, 'twas plain, who could affect such strange
Creatures as they, were then must needs love change

Well

Well they goe round in riddles, every pot
Was woven now into a Gordian knot,
Which they like the great Conqueror divide,
And never look how they should be untide.
Nor can they thinke but he was sharpned well,
When this prompt sword fulfill'd the Oracle,
And so, after his *Asian* conquests, shew'd
In being drunke a peece of gratitude.
By this time the aspiring juyce doth fume
Into their brains, and they condemn the room,
With those internall vapours almost choak'd
They aske the reason why the chamber smok'd.
The helpless windows, and the door in vain
By turns are shut, and opened again.
The remedy was nearer, had each one
Clos'd but his mouth a while it had been gone.
But they would lose no time, and now you'd think
Their flaming eyes had suck'd those seas of drink;
For big with light, they seem'd so many Suns
Their faint light dimn'd with exhalations.
Now are they scatter'd, every one now chooses
Another station which he straight refuses,
And so the third; their restless bodies walking,
Like the *Egyptians* in the darknes stalking.
Yet as a Lover from his Mistris forc'd
(By order of the dance a while divorc'd)
Moves slowly, and his speaking eie forbears
To guide his feet, and kindly follows hers;

But

But then again with winged ſpeed doth take
That hand he was conſtrained to forſake.
So they divided by the envious fume,
Doe ſadly wander up and down the room
But ſummon'd by ſome friendly name, fly hither
And jointly celebrate the health together;
At laſt theſe groſſer vapours are diſperſt
And quit thoſe parts they troubled at the firſt;
Yet the more ſubile ſpirits ſtill remain
Working inſenſibly upon the brain.
Encourag'd thus they re-inforce the fight,
And the room cleer'd, they cleer the table ſtraight;
And for the ſuddainer diſpatch, they by
A quaint device, encreaſe the company;
Three multiply to ſix, while ev'ry one
Is by two adverſaries ſet upon:
Now this, and now the other they aſſault
Like skillfull Beagles, never at a fault;
But ſtill who endeth doth again begin,
Their cups dancing a perfect Mattachin.
They barr all tedious Lectures; 'tis decreed
That there they only fluent ſtiles ſhould read,
And without pauſing if a peece of cake
Did not by chance a breathing Comma make,
While 'twas a chewing; for Tobacco is
No point of drinke, but a Parentheſis.
But now at length they to a full one come,
Each man reſolving on a voyage home.

They

They pay their reckoning, yet it ſeems they ſtaid
(As by the ſequel prov'd) till they were paid.
Still there remain'd for every man a pot,
Which they like Foulers ram down after th' ſhot.
Now theſe mingled with half a pint of ſack
A prettie peece of Conjuration make;
Tis all divided into three times three,
And each glaſſe loaden with a family, (um
Which having ſwallow'd once, you might have ſeen
Quite altered; their homes were now within 'um
They talk no more of parting now, but call
For a freſh bale of pots, and roundly fall
To their old game, I thinke 'twas *In* and *In*
For they could find no paſſage out agen.
The room was now a Conjurers Circle, and
The pots and Pipes for Myſtick figures ſtand;
To one another they Magicians were,
And their diſcourſes charms to keep them there.
Marry their Hoſt muſt be the Devill, for he
Was truly glad of their Impitie,
And moſt officious in his malice lends 'em
A boy-like *Mephoſtophiles* to attend 'em
Whom they keep in perpetuall motion, ſtill
Emploid either to empty, or to fill.
For now they'd brought their bodies to that paſs
That they like Mountebanks with ev'ry glaſs (guns
Run themſelvs through: they look'd like unbreech'd
A ſcowring, whence the tainted water runs

In the same quantity, and doth not wast
A jot, tho chang'd in colour, and in tast;
Cut into humane figures, I have seen
Some water-works have very like them been:
So were the *Belials* tubs, nor they in Hell
Ere met with vessels more insatiable;
And sure the Poets meant that they were ty'd
To give a drunkard drink, till he deny'd.
I could not chuse but smile at the old Fable
How *Hercules* did cleanse *Augeas* Stable;
Me thought with that, and them, as the case stood
There was a kind of a similitude.
You've have heard of the sam'd river that pursues
With eager streams the flying *Arethuse*,
And grown impatient of the sad divorce
Doth under Earth and Seas a passage force
Till she at length is caught, and the fight done,
Their friendly waters in one channell run;
Take any two of them, and the whole chase
Most excellency represented was.
Of *Xerxes* Armie, Histories relate
How they dranke up whole Rivers at a bait,
An easie matter for all them to doe;
But who by drinking ere created new?
Had but the fire in *Tower-street* hapned there,
And they bin peece-meal blown into the air,
They had gone nigh to quench it; for an hour
At least, their drink would have maintain'd a shower

Min

Mine Host hearing them call for it so fast
Came up in a great feare himselfe at last,
And seeing all was well, again retir'd;
For he beleev'd the chamber had been fir'd.
By this time they had made more Ale away
Than would have serv'd *Faustus* to's load of hay:
'Twould have struck all the gifted Brethren dumb
And taught the Bishops how to silence 'um.
Yet still their feav'rish appetites encrease
The more they drink, they'r satisfy'd the lesse.
I'le undertake, had but the Fens been such,
They would have drain'd them better than the *Dutch*.
Ten more of their own humour, and in one
Halfe year the Navy would be useless grown;
The King (God bless him) could no shipping lack,
The narrow Seas they fordable would make;
And think it nothing too. They three had Seas
Within them, farre more dangerous than these:
So rough, the Pilot, Reason could nor steere,
But he himselfe did suffer shipwrack there:
They'd made a perfect Microcosme of man;
Their bladders were the Midland Ocean;
Their bellies the *Ægean* Sea, the whiles
Their floting entrailes seeme the thick-set Isles:
Their troubled brests the *Adriatick*, and
Their mote hearts like Sea-girt *Venice* stand.
Or if you will ascend more high, their brain
Swims like the frozen Sea dissol'd again:

And their benighted understandings looke
Like *Green Land* men by winter overtook.
Yet some who saw them thus diguised, say,
They were all a meere *Terr' incognita*;
Nor without cause; well might they be unknown
To them, who to themselves were strangers grown.
Had they been catechized then 'tis thought
That the first question would have put them out;
For any thing they of their own Names knew
The Minister might have baptiz'd them new.
They talk'd like men asleepe, of this and that,
And whilst a speaking oft, forgot of what:
The rest bound up in frost you would have thought,
And the next thaw come to have heard it out.
It would have run a good *Gramarian* mad,
To tell how many parts of speech they had.
The Noise at *Babel* was each whit as good,
And I beleeve, farre better understood.
For they had a confusion too, and worse
Than that of tongues, of th' Intellective Powers.
In language they were *English* all, but than
In understandings all Ebrician.
What is't a clock? sayes one, another cries,
You're in the right; with all my heart replies
The third; all answ'ring so farre from the matter
That mortar brought instead of brick was batter.
Yet all this while, they drink, and sometimes take,
A whole pot meerely, for variety sake.

The

A whole pot merrly for vari'ty ſake.
The Boy calls up his Maſter, and he ſwears
That they are Papiſts all, and now at prayers;
He thinkes their great and leſſer Cups are ſtrung
In order, 'ſtead of Beads, upon their tongue:
He fancies an *Ave Mary* in each glaſs,
And ev'ry pot a *Pater Noſter* was.
But now both pots and glaſſes they forbore,
Their treach'rous heads (alas) would bear no more,
But droop like Tulips overcharg'd with wet;
The ſleepy Poppy, or the Violet;
Yet ſo much ſenſe even now in them remaines,
They break the Weapons that had crack'd their brains.
Now they ſit ſtill, and not a word doth paſs,
Like the Diſciples of *Pythagoras*.
To do their Mother-tongue a peece of right
Their tongues that clip'd it now were ſilent quite.
Mine Hoſt aware of this dumb ſhow doth bring
Vp in an Antimaſque the reckoning,
In which I doe beleeve (were the truth known)
He oft ſaw double and told two for one;
But when he drew it, he did much miſlike
The fallacy of that Arithmetique.
Well, they diſcharge him, or to ſay more true
He firſt diſcharg'd himſelf, and then them too;
For all this while they ſate like ſtocks; the Room,
It ſelf a quicker motion did aſſume:

For that ran like the Heavens Circular,
And them we might to the fixt Stars compare
When they sate still, or reeling too and fro
Their doubtfull legges like the Errata goe;
And stand for Hieroglyphicks of the Sunn's
Strange course, that goes so many wayes at once.
But now I at a *ne plus ultra* am,
Nor know I how they to their lodgings came;
For when they thought of going, then their feet,
To speak the truth, had clean forgotten it.

On a Talkative, and Stammering Fellow.

THou thine own Pillory, who for thy eares
Dost crop thy tongue, and talk'st in Characters;
Who words epitomizest, and canst tell
How to divide a Monosyllable;
Thou that dost quavers speak, and such as are
But evill Language, and worse Musique farre,
So that thy pleasant Auditors oft make
Wagers, thou learnedst of an Owl to speak,
Or else that Nature when thou wert but young;
Ty'd a perpetuall Ague to thy tongue.

How

How Mountain like thou labour'ſt to give birth
Either to Nonſenſe, or bring nothing forth?
In troth I can but pitty thee that doſt
Endure ſuch throwes for thy tongues female luſt;
And wiſh thy mouth had been ſo Cannon bor'd,
Thou ſhould'ſt not need a Midwife for each word.
Rather than undergoe the grievous pains
That wait on ſuch a coſtive utterance,
I would adviſe thee purge, and aptly vent
It backwarks, Excrement with Excrement;
Or with thy Pincers pluck thy teeth that doe
So ravenouſly bite thy words in two.
I'd ſcorn to eat a Morſel with thoſe baſe
Grinders that hinder'd me from ſaying Grace;
Would give a generall defie to meat,
Ere mine own words ſo like a Coward eat.
Thou chew'ſt them ſo, they ſtick for th' moſt part twixt
Thy teeth, and we muſt ſtay till them thou pick'ſt.
When thorough that blind maze of ſignes and ſound,
Which ſo do the intelligence confound,
They ſhould conduct us to thy meaning, thou
In th'middle of the lab'rinth breakſt the Clew.
As 'tis, thy tongue is fit for nothing elſe
But to pronounce the Devil's Oracles,
And 'twould for that be excellent, all the skil
Being to leave the meaning doubtfull ſtill,
For which thy canting ſpeech is made ſo fit,
'Twould poſe the Devill himſelf t'interpret it.

It ſounds like the tongues Chaos, that ſame rude
Matter that did all Languages include
Ere words received form, when there was neither
French, *Dutch* or *Engliſh*, but all heap'd together.
Nature in thee did overact her part,
And ſo ſtruck dumb her Adverſary Art.
Let others boaſt their Mother Tongue, but ſhe
Hath giv'n the Mother of all tongues to thee.
Thy ſpeech is much like Bullion that's made fit
For any ſtamp, but hath receiv'd none yet:
Though't may to each particular relate,
'Tis when thou ſpeak'ſt it neither this nor that;
But being coined by thy hearers eares,
To ev'ry Countrey man his own appeares,
As if (not to doe th' Holy Ghoſt that wrong)
He with the cloven foot had cleft thy tongue.
'Tis heathen language, neither circumciſ'd
After th' old Law, nor after th' new baptiz'd;
Hath neither mark whereby it may be known,
Nor ſo much as denomination.
'Tis thought thy Anceſtors did fetch their riſe
From th'time that words were into Colonies
Divided, and did band themſelves together
In ſev'rall tongues as birds do of a feather;
When men by their example did diſperſe
Plantations thorough the whole Vniverſe,
Then thy Forefathers did directly fall
Vnder no one, but border'd upon all.
Hence 'tis that one did thy diſcourſe extoll,

And

And ſtyled it, the Vniverſall ſoule
Of Language, as being mingled with that art
'Twas All in All, and All in every part.
Hence 'tis thou talk'ſt ſuch Linſey-Woolſy, and
Doſt in one word make rodes into each Land,
While ev'ry ſyllable in th' utt'rance fights
For thus invading one anothers Rights,
And Nature to preſerve the publique quiet,
Them with the Stocks doth puniſh for their riot.
Thy tongue (and not unwittily perhaps)
One likened to th' Almesbasket filld with ſcraps,
It feeds our ears with mix'd and broken words,
Iuſt like the poor with bits from ſev'rall boards.
Swifter than thought it runneth through each Clime,
Viſits all Nations in a point of time,
And whence the greater miracle doth riſe
Although ſo great a trav'ler never lyes.
But ſince mens eares are not ſo given to roame,
'Twere better that thy tongue too ſtay'd at home:
For as the palate cann't diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The ſev'rall taſts of liquours that are mixt;
No more our eares while thou retain'ſt a ſpice
Of ev'ry tongue can know thy various voice.
A ſuite made up of patterns were both fit
To emblemiſe thy ſpeech, and cloth thy wit;
'Tis like an over buſie ſervant, who
With too much haſt his errand doth outgoe;
Bels jangled without order, or a Clock

That ſtrikes at random might be thought to mock
Thee; methinks ev'ry word thou doſt pronounce
Sounds as ſev'n Dev'ls ſpoke in thee at once.
Had *Noahs* Ark upon ſome Rock been ſplit,
When all the Living were embark'd in it,
Thoſe many ſtrange, and diſagreeing cryes,
Could not have made a more confuſed noiſe.
I oft have walk'd th' Exchange, and muſt confeſs
The Buzz of all that concourſe was both leſſe,
And leſſe perplexed, better than thee I cou'd
What every man ſaid there have underſtood.
What a learn'd Dr'logue would betwixt you paſs
Hadſt thou like *Bala'm* but a ſpeaking Aſſe?
Thou haſt ſo rugged and ſo wilde a phraſe
'Tis like a Book ſtuft witb *Et cæteras*,
Which the Preſs up in cunning knots doth tye,
And yet diſſolv'd juſt nothing ſignifie.
Wert thou but muſically giv'n, by thee
How rarely *Barnaby* would chanted be,
When as the Drunkard might take all along,
His reeling meaſures from thy ſtagg'ring tongue?
I wonder thou wilt give a beaſt the head
So much, and know'ſt it ſuch a ſtumbling jade.
Alas conſider that men uſe to ſtay
And reſt awhile, who travail a rough way.
For mine own part, I'm willing to apply
My ſelf to th' ſtudy of Cheirology,
And talk with thee by ſignes, ſo thoul't command
Thy tongue give place toth'Rhet'rick of thy hand;
But thou'rt (I doubt) too greedily inclin'd

To

To quit ſo many trades 't expreſſe thy mind;
Beſides 'tis naturall to thy diſeaſe,
Neither to let men ſpeak nor hold their peace.
And (a plague take thee) ſpeech he little needs,
Who is ſo plainly ſpoken by his deeds.

Vpon Lucretia,

NOw the chaſt Matron being left alone,
Had leaſure to conſider what was done;
And though the ſinfull act committed were
Againſt her wil, ſhe could not chuſe but fear
Th' uncertaine voice of Fame, which doth but
Suſpected vertue as apparent vice. (prize
Then melting into tears, O Gods! ſaith ſhe,
Is this the beſt reward for Chaſtity?
Or do you hate that vertue, that we muſt
Be forced when we will not yield, to Luſt?
What balm, what comfort have you to aſſwage
My furious ſorrow? miſerable age!
When moſt doe willingly this ſin commit;
And ſuch as would cannot live free from it.
Then did ſhe wring her hands, and tear her hair,
Sighing her body almoſt into ayr;
So true a grief had been enough to make
Her innocent, although ſhe did partake
Of *Tarquin's* guilt. But now at length ſhe dries
Thoſe wealthy pearls from her o'rcharged eyes,
And with a calmer look, theſe teares, ſaith ſhe,

Are bootelefs; Childifh forrow cannot free
Me from mens cenfures : Something muft be done
To expiate his crime, left thought mine own.
There did fhe ftay awhile, and with her eyes
Caft down, as ftudying on her enterprife,
By chance fhe did the Tyrants Ponyard find,
Which he at his departure left behind.
She took it up, and a fad fmile did fhow
Her joy for her approaching overthrow.
Yet will I triumph over fhame, and by
My death (quoth fhe) confirm my Chaftity;
And thou polluted fteel, which once didft force
Me to the breach of wedlock, fhalt divorce
Me now for ever; then fhe faid no more,
But acting what fhe had refolv'd before,
Drove the continu'd wound unto her heart,
The noble Spirit haftned to depart;
Perhaps it was affraid it might defile
It felfe by ftaying with that Flefh awhile.

The Power of Love.

POets made the a God, and Love, if thou
Be Deify'd, make me a Poet now;
Then will I fing thy praifes, and reherfe
Thy feared name th'rough the wide Vniverfe;
Some faithful grove, where no clofe fpy difcovers
The ftrict embraces of enjoying Lovers,

Shall

Shall be thy Temple, hallow'd by my prayers.
The cheerfull Birds ſhall be the Choriſters,
A Poet ſhall be Prieſt, and I will bring
My wounded heart to be the offering;
My body ſhall be th' Altar, and mine eyes
Shall feed the flame that burns the Sacrifice.
Then in thy powerfull name I will all jars (wars.
Compoſe, and once more free the Earth from
Beaſts hunting after prey ſhall then grow tame,
Arreſted by the accents of thy name;
The Lyon then ſhall kiſſe the Lamb, and keep
Him harmleſs, while the Wolf defends the ſheep;
The Bear and Dog be friends; the Crocadile
Shall weep no more when as he would beguile;
The *Sirens* tempting voice ſhal then have power
Onely to calm the waves, not to devoure,
And raviſh'd with the tune the riſing Seas
Shall dance for joy, not gape for carkaſſes.
The Turtles ſhall leave off their courtſhip, and
As liſtning to the muſick ſilent ſtand,
But at the cloſe of ev'ry melting ſtrain,
Approving what they hear, ſhall Bill again.
The Virgin Phœnix ſhall beleeve a Mate
A fitter means than death to propagate;
The Nightingale ſhall change her note, & mourn
No longer for her Rape, but for her ſcorn;
The Loving Pelican ſhall ſpend her blood
More freely to preſerve her Mate than Brood;
The Salamander feel a hotter fire:
The Gennet ſhall not have the Wind his ſire.

Rivers

Rivers to kiſſe th'embracing banks ſhall ſtay,
Till forced by the upper ſtreams away,
And then with a ſad murmure forward creep
As loth to intermingle with the deep.
All Trees ſhall grow like Palmes, by two and two,
And fade at once as they together grew;
None ſhall be barren, all (thus match'd) ſhall bear
Some gratefull iſſue to the kindly year.
Stil with freſh Verdure ſhall the Earth be clad,
And yield encreaſe for what ſhe never had,
Scorning by her ſpruce Lover to be found
At any time with wither'd Chaplets crown'd.
Children, whoſe tender age as yet affords
Them but the Liberty of half-clip'd words,
Shall learn the Dialect of Love, and break
Their mindes by acting what they cannot ſpeak;
While forty Ecchoes (who have onely tongue
For that,) ſhall bear the burthen of my ſong,
And taking it from one another bear
Thy praiſes thorough either Hemiſphære,
Till the whole Earth with joinct conſent approve
All things are ſubject to the power of Love.

The new Niobe.

MErcy great Love, and hence I'l ſwear
My ſelf a vaſſall to thy Shrine,
And ev'n when th' art raging here
My verſe ſhall ſpeak that rage divine,
Though my inſufferable ſmart
Perſwades me thou a Fury art,
So thou'lt but caſt one other dart.

Why ſhould ſhe ſtill unmoved ſtand,
And ſet at nought thy power and thee,
Defying thy dead-doing hand;
Her language than her ſoul more free?
While thou her prophanations heares,
And, as if thou had'ſt loſt thy eares
As well as eyes, to ſtrike forbeares?

What was my over-active crime?
What Blaſphemies have I ere ſpoke,
Which could to Heav'n ſo nimbly clime,
And your quick Fury thence provoke?
Perhaps I call'd thee boy, and blind;
Scorn'd Love, doth not ſhe bear that minde?
Why then in puniſhment not joyn'd?

Are Women privileg'd alone
Securely to do ill? or can

One

One trespas be less monstrous grown
  In Woman than it is in Man?
No, no, I see that thou hast sworn
We both shall pay the price of scorn
With diff'rent passions overborn.

Yet am I us'd no worse by thee
  Than the great ruler of the day;
I Love a Stone, and he a Tree;
  Shee by her prayers became a Bay,
And mine like *Niobe* is grown
By often weeping to a Ston,
But chang'd by my tears not her own.

Love, thou art just, and tis but fit
  She should into a Statue Freeze,
Who in her self the hopes of it
  Destroys, as well as she that sees
Her offspring, which she glories in
Slaine by her pride; but for that sin
A Mother too she might have been.

Gaine in Losse

AWay, fond Boy away,
  What tempts thee for to stay
  Hov'ring about my breast?
Thou canst not hope to sway
  Whereas disdaines possest
  With such an interest.

And

And Honour'l not alow
That thou ſhould'ſt lower bow,
When daily Conqueſts poſt
Afreſh to Crown thy Brow,
And every ſhaft almoſt
A heart or two can boaſt.

Yet if thou entr'ſt here,
By thine own power I ſwear,
All glory thou muſt quit;
No Bow nor Quiver bear,
But unto Scorn ſubmit
Thy ſelf an Anchorite.

Thus ſpake *Almanna*, and *Cupid* ſmil'd
To think how much ſhe was beguil'd,
Then ſhot, but ſpite of all his art
His blow the little Archer ſpoil'd:
Out flew the Golden-headed dart,
But could not pierce her armed heart.

Almanna laugh'd, and the God cry'd
With fear of whipping terrfii'd,
And grieved for his broken Bow;
No hope of comfort he eſpi'd,
So that his tears, which ſeem'd to flow,
If not then blind had made him ſo.

Another ſuch he would have bought,
But there was none, and if without

He

He went, or this ſhould broken bring
Venus would know, that very thought
Freſh flouds from the poor boy did wring
Leſt ſhe ſhould whip him with the ſtring.

But th'Virgin not of Marble made
All means to comfort him aſſay'd,
And oft his blubber'd cheeks did dry.
At laſt, with pitty overſwai'd,
She promis'd him that he ſhould lie
Among'ſt the Babyes of her eye.

There he the beams of thoſe bright Twins,
With which all hearts, all eyes he wins,
Hath both for Bow and Arrowes found,
And nothing now to think begins,
Since his own ſhafts did once rebound,
But ſelfe-love can *Almanna* wound.

The perfect Love.

VVHy ſhould I hold my peace & ſilent be
when my life lies on the diſcovery?
Beſides I know, infallibly I know
That thus a worſer fate attends on me
Than beaſts, for I unto the Altar goe
And fall a ſacrifice none knowes to who.

All

All other things with time and age receive
That full perfection Nature could not give
Them at the firſt, when only wretched I
Am the ſole prodigy, and downward thrive,
Doe grow into my grave, and (tongue-ti'd) die
A very'r child than in mine infancy.

Before I could have ſpoken ſure I cou'd
Have made a ſhrewd ſhift to be underſtood,
When now I ſtand like one with lightning ſtrook,
And almoſt ſtarv'd cannot make ſigns for food,
Only my wants are writ in a ſad look,
Which for the rich is but too hard a book.

At firſt I could have prattl'd, and have ſed
What ever my affection dictated;
Talk'd a far off of love, and *Hymen*, prais'd
The Marriage, and condemn'd the ſingle Bed:
Extol'd that Beauty ſhe her ſelf debas'd,
And ſworn the new-made Heav'ns not fairer fac'd.

How oft I then have took, and gently ſtrain'd
A fragrant balm out of her melting hand,
And cheriſh'd it in that ſtrict fellowſhip
VVith mine, her envious Glove could not withſtand,
But my expiring Soul hung on my lip
Would that rich Nectar up in kiſſes ſip!

How

How have I then feasted my greedy eyes
VVith the survey of that brave AEdifice;
Examin'd the dimensions of my heart
To know if it were able to comprise
VVhat I beheld; admir'd the state, and art,
And lost my self with wonder in each part

Then with a blush, or sigh I could have shown
How much I wish'd the fabrick were mine own;
And she no question understood me too.
But now what a strange Lover am I grown,
Who can't so much as wish ('tis strang, but true)
Her ty'd to one so'unworthy of her view?

O Miracle of Love! or let me be
A lover of my self as well as she,
Or let this bright and immateriall fire
Consume this dross, which thus depresses me,
And so render me worthy my desire;
Or let me quickly in the flame expire.

To a Lady working a Bed with Crewell

The Murther.

MAdam, why should you thus mispend an (honre?
Leave this uncharitable work,

Vnder

Vnder the ſhaddow of each new-made flower
There will a ſpeckled Serpent lurk,
Which(though they hurt not you) wil us devour,

Alas how many too advent'rous hearts
Will periſh by their hidden ſtings?
One touch, one look, is worſe than forty darts;
And far more ſpeedy ruine brings:
A curſe on them taught Beauty ſuch black Arts.

What may we think your ſerious exerciſe,
If murther be your recreation?
Sure on the univerſe you then deviſe
To bring a totall deſolation,
And fire the World with your conſuming eyes.

I ſay you might more noble paſtimes find
For to beguile the lazy time;
You anſwer, Thrift on this had ſet your mind,
Iudging ſuch ſports indeed a crime;
But ſure ſuch thrift's to narrow'r Souls confin'd.

Ah! cruell Wanton! now your craft I ſpy,
Your riddle now is underſtood,
That you are covetous I'l not deny,
But it is covetous of Blood,
And you are ſaving that you may deſtroy.

Now when this guilty peece ſhall reared be,
The Trophey of your Martyr'd Slaves,

It ſhall be ſtil'd by all that do it ſee,
Since fruitful with ſo many graves,
Not Crewell Bed, but bed of Cruelty.

The Revenge.

THen let ſoft ſlumbers o'r your eyelids creep,
When your diſquiet fancy ſpyes
Men ſhipwrack'd in thoſe Seas they Bleed, and Weep;
Heares lulabyes compos'd of cryes,
And horror rocks your quaking limbs aſleep.

And ſure as death If I be one that fall,
(As much I doubt my froward Stars)
Let the ſlain Lovers make me Generall
I'l find a means to heal their ſcarres,
And you at laſt ſhall bear the ſmart of all.

Firſt ſuch as of your ſparkling eyes complain,
Vnder their clouds of fleſh I'l place
To ſteal thoſe beams wherewith themſelves were (ſlain
And armed with thoſe glorious rayes,
In the next fight they ſhall kill you again.

Then thoſe were hanged in your jacynth hair
Shall rob you of a lock or two,

Which

Which, being twiſted with a Lovers tear,
  Shall make a chain to fetter you,
Or ſtring the Bow the God of Love doth bear.

Next ſuch as periſh'd by a frown ſhall come
  Arm'd with the hand of time, with which
I'l make them plough ſuch furrows in the room
  May envy to your anger teach;
And all your Beauty'ſt find a grave at home.

He that drinks poyſon in a kiſs, and dyes,
  I'l knead with your moſt Virgin breath,
Till he to ſuch a noble ſtructure riſe
  (Shake at the curſe I now bequeath)
Wonder ſhall cloſe your lips, till death your eyes.

And ſince I am aſſured that no part
  Of yours will be aſſoil'd of Blood,
Thaw'd by a ſcalding ſigh I will convert
  Your froſt and ſnow into a floud,
And drown your Beauty with what guards your heart.

Then as th'aſſwaging waters left behind
  The Earth with ſlime and rubbiſh clad,
And the ſurviving Couple did it find
  But by themſelves inhabited,
Till pregnant ſtones renewed loſt mankind.

So you this inundation overpaſt,
  Shall in no part appear the ſame,

But all this world of Beauty be lay'd waſt
  Till pittying Love renew the frame,
And you your ſtony heart behind you caſt.

But theſe are weak revenges, fit for thoſe
  Who could not ſtand a ſingle charm;
Thoſe feeble ſpirits beaten without blows,
  And half-conſum'd ere I was warm,
Yet never look'd beyond your lip or noſe.

Then what ſhall I who have ſurvey'd you round?
  Read over all this Book of Love;
Yet ſtill remain'd unconquer'd, till I found
  How ev'ry line a chain did prove,
And ev'ry point thereof had made a wound?

Why firſt I'l kiſſe you till my wounds be well,
  And, made of your inverted name,
Bind to your boſome ſuch a powerfull ſpell
  As while I kiſſe ſhall you enflame,
Till your unſlak'd deſire burn hot as Hell.

Nor ſhall your torments vaniſh when awake,
  Like to a fearfull dream of fire;
No (if I dye) a brave revenge I'l take,
  And (if I muſt in flames expire)
Will you a terrible example make.

Glad Love ſhall clap his little wings for joy,
  Fanning therewith the kindled pile,

And

And, that your ſelf may help for to deſtroy
  Your ſelf, convert your tears to Oile,
And ſo raiſe the aſpiring flame more high.

Then your ſick eyes ſhall languiſh after all,
  And at each vary'd object take
New fewel, till what now we ſuns do cal,
  Turn into blazing Starrs, or make
Torches for your own Beauties Funerall.

Then your proud heart ſhall (into tinder burn'd)
  Take fire with ev'ry falling ſparck,
While your fair outſide Ethiopian turn'd
  By your own heat, ſhall in the dark
Be even by Whore-maſters & Drunkards ſcorn'd.

Thus theſe gay teſtimonyes of your Art,
  Which now ſo great a triumph have
O'r thoſe produc'd by nature, ſhall convert
  Their Geniall bed into your grave,
And living death, for their dead life impart.

Then leave this work of ruine, and employ
  The hours you dedicate thereto,
In ſaving whom you have condemn'd to dye;
  To ſave, more Honour were for you
Than to create; much more than to deſtroy.

To a Lady refusing to unvaile.

WHy not unvail? by Heav'n you are
Almost as scrupulous as fair,
I'l tell you Madam by your leave
These niceties do you but deceive,
And while from us you would conceal
Your Graces, from your self you steal.
It is ridiculous to say
That pnblication takes away
From Beauty, that's a *Species* must
To others for a *Genus* trust.
For know 'tis generall consent
That makes you Women excellent;
Nor is't in yours, but in our eyes
Your principall perfection lies;
And though you bear such monstrous rates,
From us you had your estimates.
While prostrat at your feet we lye,
Our humbled necks mount you so high;
Our breath doth lift you up, though grown
Out of our reach, to pluck you down.
It is Opinion that must tell
Nature if she've done ill or well.
If Man did never Court her Face
Woman would never Court her Glasse;
'Tis we that make you wise or fair,
Or good, or whatloere you are,

And

And when you give your ſelves to Man
'Tis but his gift giv'n back again.
I'l ſwear but now I look'd on you
As I would up to Heaven doe,
And valew'd you at ſuch a rate
That all Mankind's to poor to pay't,
When had you ſtill been clouded thus
I ſhould have thought you Leporous.
Whoever will a face extoll
None ever ſaw, for Beautyfull,
With as much reaſon might commend
The Child unborn for his brave end.
But for the eye no Beauty were,
No more than Muſick but for th'eare.
Your gawdy veſſels but for man
Had empty and unregarded laine,
Rotted upon the Dock where they
Were built, and never ſeen the ſea;
Or Launched forth been made a ſport
For ev'ry wind, and known no Port:
Or, being driv'n to one by chance,
(Cheated by your own ignorance,)
Where now you richly fraughted come,
Return'd laden with ballaſt home.
Let nature rigge you up with all
The trim and ſtate a Prodigall
And skilfull builder can invent
Either for Vſe or Ornament;
Double and treble Deck you; arm
You with the power of your own charms;

Hatch you with Beauty, and endow
You with that worth may Anchor you ;
Streamer you with your own bright hayr,
That Crown of Comets which you weare,
Which like a Glory aptly place
Themſelves in curls about your face ;
Of thoſe moſt lovely eyes of yours
Let her create two Cynoſures ;
And more to dazle our weak ſence
Gild you with beams are ſhot from thence ;
With Honour ballaſt you, and give
You that ſo large prerogative
Of a great fortune, yet you ſtand
Windbound, unſaden, and unman'd.
Our praiſes are the only gales
That have the power to ſwell your ſailes :
We are your Merchants, and you are
From us to have your bill of fare ;
We are your Pilots, who ſhould ſit
At th'Helm, though by you thruſt from it;
We (Madam) are your Iudges too,
(Though too oft ſentenced by you)
And gen'rally beleeve that ſhe,
(Chuſe how Miraculous it be)
That any waies declines ſo juſt
A triall, doth her ſelf miſtruſt.
Then draw this Cypreſſe cloud which doth
Thus both to Beauty wrong, and truth ;
And ſince there is no cauſe for this,
Let not the world believe there is.

On

On a lame and ſcolding Negro,

HOld me the light a little, what is this,
Which both the ſubſtance & the ſhadow is?
What work of darkneſs is't that talks thus loud,
Like Thunder, ſpeaking from behind a cloud?
Whoſe face looks like Nights mantle, and the Sun
Withdraws himſelf, if by her look'd upon?
Now I conjure thee by *Belzebub* tel
Me what thou art, be thou a Fiend of Hell,
Or elſe ſome Chriſtian ſoul, which, thus with ſmoke
And fire all black'd, hath Purgatory broke;
Or be thou indeed Mortall, fleſh and blood
Like us, felt, (heard I'm ſure) and underſtood.
If ſo, why doſt thou wear this veyl? from whence
Proceeds in Creatures ſuch a difference?
Sure Nature, griev'd for ſome great loſs, to ſhew
Her ſorrow, cloth'd thee in a mourning hue,
And made thee lame, that it might not lye hid
How little care ſhe took of what ſhe did:
Or elſe in thee ſhe bountifully ſhow'd
Where ſhe her richeſt treaſures had beſtow'd;
Thy body all compact of golden Ore
Taught us where thou wert found to look for more;
And by that means thou wert at once a Scorn
To us, and Traytor to thy Countrey born.

An Epithalamium

Invocation of Hymen,

COme *Hymen*, come, 'tis thou alone
Can'ſt ſatisfie this longing payr;
'Tis thou muſt juſtifie them one,
As they in heart already are.

Come then and joyn their willing hands,
That as their ſouls long ſince did kiſs,
Their bodies may no longer ſtand
Exempted from ſo great a bliſs.

Fly, fly, thou ſnail-pac'd God to Church,
And haſten the ſolemnities:
Ne'r trifle time to light thy torch,
But rather doe it at her eyes.

Thou would'ſt not uſe this needleſs ſtay,
Wert thou but warm'd with half their fire;
Then how ſhould Mortals brook delay
When they be winged with deſire?

Come *Hymen*, come, thou art too ſlow;
Th' impatient Groom is in a rage,
He tels the Moments as they goe,
And thinks each minute is an Age.

The

The baſhfull Bride hangs down her head,
  And ſilently ſhe curſes thee.
Her Cheeks are double-dy'd in red,
  With Anger and with Modeſty.

The Turtles on the Altars mourn
  To ſee their deaths deferr'd ſo long,
And *Cupid* in a rage hath ſworn
  Thou dearly ſhalt repent the wrong.

Venus knits her offended brow,
  And with her angry Son accords
No Rites hereafter to allow,
  But taking one anothers words.

Thus, thus will thy cold Altars fall,
  Thus will thy Temples be defac'd,
And thou abandoned of all
  Wilt be Vndeify'd at laſt.

Then, while ſome reverence thy name,
  While thou art yet eſteem'd divine,
Throw not the remnant of thy Fame
  Away, but theſe two Lovers joyn.

To

To a Gentlewoman that ſued to her Servant, whom ſhe had formerly forſaken.

THou may'ſt as well leave off; thy tears, or
I count no better than a Crocadiles, (ſmiles,
And all thy proteſtations are but wiles.

Thou may'ſt as eaſily out-noiſe the Wind,
Deaf the rude Sea, make Love no longer blind,
As change the tenor of a ſetled mind.

I'd Lov'd too long ſhould I not know at laſt
How quickly all thy vowes were overpaſt,
And thy old ſervant by a new diſplac'd.

And ſhould I know all this, and not take heed,
'Twere pity then but I afreſh ſhould bleed,
And you might begge me for a fool indeed.

Falſe Woman no, thy unſuſpected fall
Hath quench'd thoſe flames, and left, of that great
Nought but the aſhes of Loves funerall. All,

And can'ſt thou hope to kindle a new fire
Where

Where there be left no ſparks of old deſire,
And a Love-broken heart is made intire?

Why then I'l yeeld; but, ſince I cannot be
Thy Love, ſuch Miracles ſhal make of thee
A God, and I'l adore thy deity.

But thou art far from that, as Heavens from cares,
So farre thou can'ſt not hope for't in thy Prayr's,
Nor purchaſe with thy penitential tears.

For my young hate of thee is ſo improv'd,
As I to hate my ſelf am almoſt mov'd
When I but think that I a woman lov'd.

Yet I'l not ſay all Women are untrue,
Nor but the bad may mend, but never you,
However I wil ne'r beleeve you doe.

But if, as thou haſt prodigally ſwore,
Thou lov'ſt me better now than e'r before:
Shew it me then and trouble me no more.

How to chuſe a MISTRES.

FIrſt I would have a face exactly fair;
Not long, nor yet preciſely circular.

A ſmooth high brow, where neither Age, nor yet
A froward peeviſhneſs hath wrinckles ſet,
And under that a pair of clear black eyes
To be the windows of the Ædifice ;
Not ſunck into her head, nor ſtarting out ;
Not fix'd,nor rolling wantonly about ;
But gently moving, as to whet the ſight
By ſome freſh object,not the appetite :
Their Orbs both equal, and divided by
A wel-proportion'd noſes Ivory.
The noſtrils open, fit to try what air
Would beſt preſerve the Manſion,what impair.
The colour in her cheek ſo mixt, the eye
Cannot diſtinguiſh where the red doth lye ,
Or white ; but ev'ry part thereof, as loth
To yeeld in either , equally hath both:
The mouth but little, whence proceeds a breath,
Which might revive one in the gates of death ,
And envy ſtrike in the *Panchaian* groves,
When their ſpic'd tops a gentle Eaſt-wind moves.
The lips ruddy,as bluſhing to be known
Kiſſing each other,by the Lookers on ;
And theſe not to perpetual talk diſpoſ'd,
Nor alwayes in a lumpiſh ſilence cloſ'd ;
But e'vry word her innocence brings forth
Sweetned by a diſcreet and harmles mirth.
The teeth even, and white ; a dimpled chin ;
And al theſe clothed with the pureſt skin.
Then, as good painters ever uſe to place
The darker ſhadow to the fairer face ,

A ſad brown hair, whoſe am'rous curles may tye
The Priſ'ners faſt, ta'ne captive by her eye.
Thus would I haue her face; and for her mind
I'd have it cloth'd in Vertue, not behind
The other's Beauty, for a houſe thus dreſt
Should be provided of a noble gueſt.
Then would I have a body ſo refin'd,
Fit to ſupport this face, encloſe this mind.
When all theſe Graces I in one doe prove,
Then may Death blind me if I do not love.
Yet there is one thing more muſt needs concur;
She muſt love me as well as I love her.

Love without Hope.

HOpeleſs (ah me) I love, nor can I tel
Whether my Love, or my Deſpair,
Deſerve to be eſteem'd the greater Hel,
For both alike do breed my care;
Deſpaires cold froſt cooleth not hot deſire,
Nor yet is warmed at the Neighb'ring fire

The faculties of my diſtemper'd mind,
Anothers ſervants are becom,
And my corrupted reaſon hath reſign'd
To his old enemy his room;

There

There the Vſurper now the tyrant playes.
Ill muſt that kingdom thrive where Faction ſways.

Toogreedily I gaz'd, and through mine eyes
My heart did fly unto her breſt.
She, with her own contented, ſtraight denyes
To entertain ſo poor a gueſt.
With tears it begg'd, that ſince it had beſtow'd
It ſelf on her, it might not lye abroad.

But, ſhe by this confirmed in her ſcorn,
No tears, no prayers were prevalent;
Coldly ſhe did adviſe it to return,
And, proud ſhe'd counſail it, it went.
But (ah) in vain; ſtruck blind with too much light,
The way was ſtopt th'rough wh it took its flight.

Naked and wounded it lay helpleſs there,
Till, I who once had owned it,
Was for the Run'way a Petitioner,
I onely begg'd ſhe would permit
The wretch a habitation there to have,
Though uſed in the Nature of a ſlave.

Indeed I hoped better, for could I
Imagine ſhe would ever brand
Her name with breach of Hoſpitality,
Whoſe credit did ſo candid ſtand,
As all that knew her thought they might deter
Vice from their Childten, if nam'd after her?

But what's more free than guift? this empty ſeat
  Doth feel the abſent Captives pain,
And now too late I do her heart intreat
  Far Hoſtage, or mine own again.
Thus by my folly am I overthrown;
Conſtrain'd to beg for what was once mine own.

My heart a Slave; Reaſon of rule bereft;
  My Will, and Vnderſtanding wait
On hers, and unto me is only left
  Th' ſad Memory of a better State.
What can I hope for then, who am ſo poor?
Beſides my ſorrows I can give no more.

The dumb LOVER,

FAir *Almanna*, cruell Maid,
  Many Shepherds had enflamed,
Whoſe complaints her ſport ſhe made,
  Frowning ſtill when Love was named;
Yet thoſe frowns did Love perſwade.

'Mong the reſt (ah hapleſs Youth)
  Amaphil did wiſh to have her,
Though ſcant of wealth, yet in ſooth
  Paſſing all that ſought her favour,
For his paſſing, paſſing truth.

This poor Wretch ſought to ſuppreſs
With his tears the riſing fire,
But thoſe tears prov'd witneſſes
To the World of his deſire,
And his paines were ne'r the leſs.

Speak he durſt not, for he fear'd
No death worſe than a denyall;
Yet in his eyes, ſtill betear'd,
A too miſerable tryall
Of what Love can doe, appear'd.

Armes acroſs, unſteady pace,
Eyes caſt down as in ſubjection,
Broken words, and changed face,
A moſt deſperate affection
In the wofull youth betrayes.

Coward Love, oft would he ſay,
Who thy ſhafts on ſlaves beſtoweſt;
Wounding ſuch as doe obey,
But with Rebels meeting, throweſt
Down thine arms, and runn'ſt away:

Was it not enough that I
Willingly thy yoke took on me?
But I muſt that ſervice buy,
Which (I fear) hath quite undon me
With freſh cares, freſh miſery?

Was it not enough that thou
  With thy proper force refused
To succour me, but that now
  My tongue (th'rough thee speech-disused)
Cannot mine own thoughts avow?

Art thou a God, who I see
  Thus thy humblest Vassals wrongest?
No, thy weaker Deity
  Either yields unto her strongest,
Or thy sting is lost in me.

Then his hearty sighs would show
  What his tongue had left unspoken,
And he beat his brest to know
  If his heart, already broken,
Now were quite consum'd or no.

And, as if those windy sighs,
  Had in him a tempest raised,
Flouds would seem to drown his eyes,
  Because they too much had gazed
For unsafe discoveries.

Once he in this wofull Plight
  Had his lovely Saint espyed;
But at that unlook'd for sight
  The storm was lay'd, the flouds dryed,
And his eyes beheld the light.

How he then amazed ſtood!
With what more than glutton-greedineſs
He devour'd that precious food!
Health could not diſwade his needineſs
From what his ſence found ſo good.

His eyes left Phyſicians rules;
Meaſure in ſuch feaſts obſerved
Is a leſſon fit for fools:
They from ſuch nice precepts ſwerved
Traind in Love and Beautyes Schools.

Yet his tongue would fain have gat
So much leiſure from their wonder,
As might ſerve for to relate
What a burthen he lay under;
But to ſpeak it knew not what.

And when he her heart to bow
Had fram'd a ſpeech full of paſſions,
Mingling many a faithfull vow
With more humble ſupplications,
Then (alas) it knew not how.

Yet his other parts did prove
Friends to its determination;
All his geſtures ſpoke of Love,
All did ſeem to begge compaſſion;
Even his ſilent lips did move.

And

And in words, which never are
  Heard but by the understanding,
Whisper'd forth, O heav'enly Faire,
  O Godes all, al commanding,
Deign to hear a Caitiff's prayer.

Long have I lov'd, loved well;
  Faithfull Love not hate deserveth.
What salvage mind is so fell,
  As his loving flock he sterveth,
If not sav'd by Miracle?

Long have I serv'd, service true
  Requires wages for paines-taking;
And, though stipends were not due,
  What Miser's so given to raking
As he would no favour shew?

Long have I in fetters lay'n;
  Misery compassion breedeth;
And, though Pity quite were slain,
  The bloody'st mind never feedeth
On such as count death a gain.

See but how the Sun displayes
  His beams on the meanest Creatures;
And will you withdraw your rayes
  From one who admires your features,
And knows no light but your face?

See our fruitfull Mother earth,
  How ſhe in her Womb doth cheriſh
The Seed, till a happy birth
  Makes the Lab'rors fields to flouriſh;
And will you bring forth a dearth?

Mark how ev'ry grateful tree
  Yeelds the Swain a yearly bleſſing,
And will you undreſſed be
  Ere you'l either pay for dreſſing,
Or accept the Courteſie?

When a fruitfull ſhowr of rain
  From a melting cloud diſtilleth,
The earth drinks it up again,
  And it the earths wrinckles filleth;
Shall my tears then fall in vain?

Breath you forth a fervent Pray'r,
  Heav'n therewith is ſtraight acquainted,
And you hope will eaſe your care;
  Should not then my ſute be granted,
Since you ſo like to Heav'n are?

Love the neighb'ring Elm and Vine
  In ſuch ſtrict embraces tyeth:
Love doth make the Turtle pine
  When his loving marrow dyeth;
And have you no ſenſe of mine?

Love his power doth each where prove,
  Ev'ry thing hath Love about it,
Trees, Beasts, Birds, and Gods above,
  And are you alone without it?
The most lovely void of Love?

Change, O change this hum'rous mind;
  Never by a name be fooled,
Greater glory will you find,
  Be by Flesh and Bloud but ruled,
If you leave a Babe behind.

Were you now laid in your grave,
  And this beauteous out-side rotten,
No monuments your fame could save,
  Vertue quickly is forgotten,
If the world no Pictures have.

Then, if Marriage be the best,
  The best Lover should be chosen.
Will you warm a Niggards breast,
  Whose desire with care is frozen,
And his Mistress in his chest?

Or shall any sensuall slave
  Glory in so rich a Treasure;
One who covets but to have
  You to satisfie his pleasure,
Which his lust, not Love doth crave?

Rather take a man would dye,
One who goods and life despiseth,
Might he pleasure you thereby;
(This from perfect Love ariseth)
Such an one (though poor) am I.

Thus within himself he pray'd,
But receiv'd small satisfaction,
For she heard not what he said,
And she would not read his action.
So the Wretch is quite dismay'd.

A Remedy against LOVE.

IF thou like her flowing tresses,
Which the unshorn *Phœbus* stain,
Think what grief thy heart oppresses,
And how ev'ry curls a chain
Onely made to keep thee fast,
Till thy sentence be o'rpast.

If thou'rt wounded by her eyes
Where thou thinkest *Cupids* lie,
Think thy self the Sacrifice,
Those the Priests that make thee die:
If her forehead beauteous show,
Think her forehead *Cupid's* bow.

If the Roses thou hast seen
In her cheek still flourishing

Argue

Argue that there dwels within
  A calme, and perpetuall Spring,
Though ſhe never us'd deceit,
Believe all is counterfeit.

If her tempting voice have power
  To amaze and raviſh thee,
Sirens ſung but to devour,
  Yet they ſung as well as ſhee.
O beware thoſe poyſon'd tongues
That carry death in their ſongs.

If the beſt perfumes ſeem vile
  To her odorif'rous breath,
And the *Phœnix* fun'rall pile
  When ſhe propagates in death,
Then remember how that ſhe
Lives by that doth poyſon thee.

If her comly body ha's
  Faireſt in thine eye appear'd,
Think how that a Trophey was
  Only for thy ruine rear'd.
Women oft their beauties praiſe
On their Lovers ruines raiſe.

And if ſhe have ev'ry part
  May a Woman perfect make,
And, without the help of Art,
  Firmeſt reſolutions ſhake,

Know

Know *Pandora* had so too,
Who was made but to undoe.

But if vertue please thee most,
And thou like her Beautious mind,
Then I give thee o'r for lost;
There no remedy I find;
Yet if she be vertuous then
Sure she will not murther men.

Answer to the former.

OH Vain lip-wisdom, that dost make me school
Another in those things I cannot learn
My self! only this difference I discern
To be 'twixt thee and a professed fool;
He wears his cognisance, but thou hast hit
Asse-like upon the Lyon skin of Wit.

Fool that I was! what if those curles be chains,
What if her eyes do murther my content,
What if her brow be to my ruine bent;
Are fear of death, hate of a prisoners pains,
Of power to set the wretched captive free,
And not (rather) augment his misery?

How

How id'ly have I talk'd! if I could rack
My faith till I believed ſhe did paint, (Saint
Would not the wrong don ſuch a faultleſs
Be a freſh torment to my ſoul, and make
Me hate my ſelf who did ſo baſely err,
Rather than have a miſconceit of her?

Sure too much wit hath made me mad. I ſaid
The Sirens only ſung to work our harm;
But who at any time avoids the charm?
Vliſſes did. *Vliſſes* was afraid (fears
And, ſince he ſcap'd) may thank his timely
That taught him (e're he heard them) t'ſtop
his ears.

But here's a potent argument indeed,
There is (forſoth) ſuch an antipathy
Betwixt us two, her breath doth poyſon me!
I would I might upon ſuch poyſon feed;
But were it ſo; have I nor finely brought
An Antidote when 't hath already wrought?

Here comes more ſtuff of the ſtamp; that brave
Store-houſe of Noble worth, Vertues beſt
ſeat,
Where firſt (like Siſters) ſhe and Beauty met,
Made but a Trophey for a Conquer'd ſlave.
And what inferrs all this, but that I am
Hers (by the Rule of War) who overcame?

Into

Into what errors do poor Lovers ſlip!
But now, I did affirm *Pandora* made
So fayr, that man might better be betray'd.
Were the Gods cheated in their workmanſhip?
But that they knew Mans frailty had they ſent
Her, thus adorned, for a puniſhment?

Here have I mixed truths with falſhoods; right
Indeed it is that in a vertuous Love
The Soul is fix'd, and findeth no remove;
But 'twere as baſe and falſe for to endite
A vertuous Woman for deſtroy'ng Mankind,
As th' Sun when the raſh gazer is Struck blind.

I Love (alas) I Love, nor all the skill
Of my ſubjected reaſon can reſiſt
His power who Tyranniſes as he liſt;
Acknowledging no Law beſides his will:
And I by ſtriving doe but make my ſore
Feſter, my bondage harder than before.

To Almanna,

Why She should Marry Me.

HOw comes this ſuddain change, my Dear?
I will be ſworn, not full two dayes agoe
Thou wert moſt excellently fayr,
But now, I grieve to ſay't, thou'rt nothing ſo.
No ſicknes could diſfigure you,
Nor ſorrow plough ſuch wrinckles in your face,
Your happy boſome never knew
That ſawcy thought, which durſt diſturb your peace.
But yet if grief or ſicknes ſhould
Have the good Fortune to approach ſo nigh,
Sicknes it ſelf recover would,
And ſorrow be converted into joy.
Nor can I yet believe you owe
Ought unto Art for the laſt face you wore,
A Borrow'd Beauty you I know
Deſpiſe, and would have none at all before.
Chuſe how it be, methinks that face
Appears to me now no ſuch Miracle;
Yet ſtill it is the ſame it was,
Only it doth not pleaſe me half ſo well.
Then you will ſay tis evident
The change is in my judgment and not you:

It

It is so, but then you must grant
'Tis, 'cause I know more now than then I knew.
Sweet! I will tell thee; heretofore
I never pierced further than thy Skin;
Reading thy body o'r and o'r;
Without examining what was within.
And then indeed I did esteem
Thy matchless Beauty at so high a rate,
That ev'ry object else did seem
A mere deformity compar'd to that.
But now this happy day, I have
Discovered a new and richer mine,
I all my admiration gave
To that most admirable soul of thine,
Which so dims all exterior form
That now thy Body worthless did appear,
And sure had fain beneath my scorn,
But that I see thy soul is lodged there.
Now, if thy Body in revenge
Shall yeeld it self to base desires, thoul't see
Another, but a far worse change;
Thy Body fair, thy Soul deform'd will be.
But if thou wilt give me a right
To call them both mine own, thou so shalt make
Them both seem precious in thy sight,
Yet neither from the others lustre take.
For while my soul is thus alone
The Iudge both of thy soul and body made,
It partially inclines to one
And no regard is to the other had.

But if my body once were join'd
In the Commiſſion with it, then would thine
A farre more equall ſentence find
Being ſupported by the Love of mine.
Like is beſt judge of like we ſay,
And ſure in ſhape I wondrous like thee am,
Since thus by the whole world we may
So eaſily be taken for the ſame:
Then plight me but thy troth, and thou,
Both in thy Mortall, and Immortall part,
Shalt ſeem more fair than thou ſeem'ſt now;
Nay, were it poſſible, more fair than th' art.
Then I all day will gaze on thee,
And feaſt at night on what I then did view,
And thou (my Dear) ſhalt ſo both be
My ſtudy and my recreation too.
Nor ſhalt thou yet, though made one fleſh
With me, loſe any thing at all thereby;
But grow to more by being leſs,
And even by contraction multiply.
Our very ſouls ſhall twine and be
So cloſe in mutuall embraces knit,
They ſhall grow Parents too, and we
New vertues will as well as Children get.
Still'd th'rough th' alimbeck of deſire
Our bodies by degrees ſhall melt away,
And purg'd by a ſtill equall fire
From all their droſs, grow ſouls as well as they.
But if thou truſt to others eyes,
And ſhalt reject ſo generous a flame,

Beleeve

Beleeve it others shal thee prize,
Not as the wonder of thy sex but shame.
The brighter that the Angels were
Before they from their first Creation fel,
Each one did afterwards appear
By so much the more dark, and terrible.
And if thou look but back thoul't find
Pride, and Rebellion causes of their fall;
Sinnes, to which Murther will be joyn'd
In thee, and make thee the great'st Dev'l of all.
For know this heart of mine was given
Long since up to the power of Love; but he
God-like, did still keep state in Heaven,
And only ruled there by Deputy.
And since he had the faith suspected
Or skill, of any one particular,
He unadvisedly erected
An Aristocracy of ev'ry fair.
But thence such evils did ensue,
And my poor heart was so in pieces rent,
That he at length did fix on you,
And made it a Monarchick Government.
Then now thou'st All that All they had,
Should'st thou turn Tyrant, & with fire & sword
Thine own Dominions invade,
Would'st thou not be by the whole world ab-
The Angels thinking to depose horr'd?
The Deity, were into Devils turn'd:
And fear'st not thou the fate of those,
(Whose sin thou imitat'st,) if I be scorn'd?

For

For though thou covet not the Throne,
Yet thou dethroneſt Loves great Deity;
And though thou make them not thine own,
The Subject kill'ſt, and kingdom doſt deſtroy.

The Meteor.

DId you behold that glorious Star, (my Dear)
(Wch ſhin'd but now, me thought, as bright
As any other childe of light,
And ſeem'd to have as good an intereſt there)
How ſuddenly it fell, our Eyes
Purſuing it through all the ſpacious Skies,
Through which the now extended Flame
Had chalk'd the way to Earth from whence it (came?
And were you not with wonder ſtruck to ſee
Thoſe Forms, which the Creation had
At firſt in number perfect made,
Thus ſometimes more, and ſometimes leſſe to be?
Or rather in this ſecond Birth,
To ſee Heav'n copy'd out ſo near by Earth,
As were it not for their own fall,
We ſhould not know which were the Original?

Fair one, theſe diff'rent Lights do repreſent
Such as pretend unto the Love

Of you, of which some Meteors prove,
Some Stars; some high fix'd in Loves Firmament,
And some (that seem as bright and fair)
More basely humble hover in the Air
Of words, and with fine dextrous art,
Do act a Passion never touch'd their heart,

Yet these false Glow-worm fires a while do shine
Equal to the most Heav'n-born flame,
And so well counterfeit the same,
That they, though almost beastly, seem divine;
But should some blunde unlucky chance
Deform you any ways, or make your wants
Vie Greatnesse with your Beauty, then,
They drop to their own Element agen.

That Witch self-love is the sole Guide to these,
And sets such Charms upon their Bloud,
That 'tis with it or Ebb or Floud,
According to their own Conveniencies;
And now those seem thus clear and high,
They also mount and shine, but by and by
Not able to maintain that height,
Fall over-charg'd with their own sordid weight.

That seeming Star which shot but now was made
Of Vapors by the Sun exhal'd,
When our Meridian he scal'd,
And still had stayed there, had he still stay'd;
But now its proper Centre is

 Thus

Thus interposed betwixt him and this,
  In that forc'd height it will remain
No longer, but inclines to Earth again.

So while your Beauty its bright Rayes projects
  Vpon these grov'ling sons of Earth,
  It giveth new affections Birth,
And to a nobler height their souls erects;
  So winging their new-born desire,
Their towring thoughts dare at your self aspire,
  And gotten the half way, do there
Hover a while 'twixt yours and their own Sphere.

But when the night of Absence doth divide
  You from their view, and their first base
  Desires possesse the middle space,
And court them back again, their thoughts abide
  No longer in suspense, nor stay
So much as the decision of the Day,
  But ere that can, with you, return,
They all unite themselves to the first-born.

Now such as love like me are truly Stars,
  And even then do shine most bright
  When most you do absent your light:
Let Chance, let Nature place the strongest bars
  Of wealthy Earth 'twixt you and me,
Or masque you with a Cloud of Leprosie,
  Yet still my Love should be the same,
And at some part of your great soul still light its
  flame.

An Epithalamium

Upon T.P. *and* M.H.

INſulting Night proud in her lengthned ſway.
Hail glorious Maid, whoſe brighter beams diſ-
play,
And with freſh luſtre wing the tardy Day.

Phoebus, who worn with Age, now bed-rid lies,
Looks out to ſee what God his room ſupplies,
And takes new vigor from your ſparkling eyes.

Some, who your morning Bluſhes ſaw, did ſwear
The Sun look'd red, and a foul day was near;
But all the ſhowre will be a maiden tear.

Fair Virgin bluſh not, (though a Bride) to none
Are you beholding for the Light which ſhone;
Guided unto the Temple by your own.

No intermedling God can claim a ſhare
In this Conjunction; you your ſelves did pair;
They not Aſſiſtants but Spectators were.

Cupid

Cupid his Quiver empty'd had in vain;
Your Husband did retort his ſhafts again;
But with one glance ſhot from your eye was ſlain.

The pitying Epidaurian ſtraight was mov'd,
But all his Balſams ineffectual prov'd:
'Tis known he dies you wound, if not belov'd.

Glad Love with his recovered ſhafts perſwades
Himſelf he eaſily can conquer Maids,
And with his dull Artillery you invades:

But his ill-headed Darts did all rebound;
Onely ſoft pity there an entrance found:
So Buff daunts Swords, which a weak ſtraw will (wound.
The blow was double, you your ſelf did grone,
When you beheld what you your ſelf had done,
And ſurely lov'd his wound becauſe your own.

Hymen the Prieſt of Heav'n then left the Skies
To wait on you in theſe Solemnities,
But had his Torch extinguiſh'd by your eyes.

The buſie God, that he might ſomething do
Studied a Benediction then; but you
Prov'd both the Bleſſing and the Donor too.

Ioves Herald, warned by the Trump of Fame,
His Hat and Feet new-winged hither came,

To bleſſe you in his abſent Fathers name.

Who would have come himſelf, but that afraid
The Gyants of this Age ſhould Heav'n invade,
Were they not by his awfull Thunder ſtaid.
(ſtand
Thus ſhould the God have ſpoke; but he doth
With wonder dumb, & from his trembling hand,
The Charmer charm'd, lets fall his ſnaky wand.

Bacchus beheld, who all amazed cry'd,
Had *Semel'* had theſe Rayes ſhe had not dy'd;
But *Iove* himſelf (though arm'd with lightning)
(fry'd.
Straight he his wine-preſs leaves, & bringeth down
For you his *Ariadnes* ſtarry Crown;
But findes you wear a richer of your own.

The God of War doth from the Battail flie;
Hangs up his uſeleſſe Sword and layeth by
All other tokens of Hoſtility.
(ſweat,
His crimſon'd hand from bloud; his brow from
And duſt now cleans'd, he humbly doth intreat
He may on you to *Concord's* Temple wait.

But while he covets peace, the God doth wage
A War within himſelf, whoſe potent rage
Doth in the Conflict all his Pow'rs engage.

The

The twice-repulsed *Apis*, who his sight
For this days triumph begd, doth curse the light;
Before but bood-winckt, now he's blinded quite.

Vulcan his Forge in *Sicily* neglects,
And hither his lame steps in haste directs,
Heav'ns peril, not *Iovis* anger he respects.

A thousand Hammers in his brain do beat,
And all his study is how he may get
You setter'd in his Artificial Net.

But the deceived God while that he plac'd
And in conceit already you embrac'd,
Was by a look of yours himself chain'd fast.
His Wife at once blush'd, wept, and sigh'd, and frown'd,
And cri'd, Now is my *Paphos* unrenown'd,
And all her Glory in this Muett-lake drown'd.

My *Mars* hath left me, would she would allow
Me but my long despised Husband now;
But he is Pris'ner too, I know not how.

This said, she yokes her Doves, resolv'd to see
If by her Beauty she again might free
Whom yours had brought into Captivity.

Vain was her Enterprize, she soon confest,
The Magick of her Face could not contest

With yours, and so stood gazing with the rest.

The warlike *Pallas* knits her martial brows,
And as she shakes her trembling spear, she vows
Revenge, then her unveiled *Gorgon* shows:

But strait she found her Error, You alone
Did more than she determin'd to have done,
Medusa's Head and She both turn'd to stone.

The bashfull *Phoebe* with a down-cast look
To beg your kinde Reflexion hither took
A journey, and her dark'ned Orb forsook:

But ready now to utter her Desire,
The light was such she durst approach no nigher,
Nor yet in that amazement could retire.

Great *Juno* backs a Cloud, and as she sails
Thorow the Air, her blushing Face she vails
(Now vanquish'd twice) with her stript Peacocks (tails.
Her *Argos* hundred Eyes she hates, and pin'd
With Envie wishes that she had been blinde
Her self, when first she did your Beauty finde.

The Goddess stoops toEarth,& thinks to shrowd
You from *Loves* view in a condensed Cloud;
But you disperst it, and more glorious shew'd.

Thus

Thus all the Gods this morning suffer'd shame
By you alone, and stood as in a Dream,
Till you once joyn'd, unto themselves they came:

And now *Bacchus* and *Ceres* strive who best
Shall please your company; for you they ghest
Would most on one anothers Faces feast.

The others (daring not appear) have sent,
By me their Proxy this short complement,
Which once delivered away they went.

BRight Virgin, though your blooming youth abound
With all those Virtues which the Earth adorn;
Though ev'ry part be with that Beauty crown'd,
May make it noon ere it be fully morn.
Though bounteous Heav'n no blessings hath in (store
Which you deserve not richly to enjoy;
Whatever *Phoebus* doth behold, and more,
Even to twist the thread of Destiny.

Though you deserve the Seas discovered womb
Should unto you her hidden Treasures give,
Which when you die should serve to build your Tomb;
But all the Gods attend you whilest you live.

Though

Though we confesse all this to be your due,
Yet do not boast that it is yours alone;
Your Husband meriteth both this, and you;
What then deserve you now conjoyn'd in one?

May you live long and happy, all your dayes
Crown'd with a lasting plenty and content;
May no disturbance ever cloud the Face;
But what one doth, let be by either meant.

A fruitfull, and a toward Linage blesse
Your youth; the subject to support your age;
And when Death summons you, in happinesse
May they succeed as well as Heritage.

And (if more may be said) may you two have
Blessings above your hopes, above your wishes;
And when age fits your bodies for the Grave,
May then your spirits meet breath'd out in (Kisses.

Thus the uncaptiv'd Gods do joyntly pray,
Yet *Iuno* vows a chast revenge withall,
Swearing (fair Bride) that you a while shall stay,
Before you do upon *Lucina* call.

On

On a Necklace of small Pomander, given him by a Lady.

AND art thou mine at length? com'ſt thou to deck
My worthleſſe Wriſt thus perſum'd by her neck?
Canſt thou ſo freely to my uſe diſpenſe
That precious Odor thou receivedſt thence?
Couldſt thou (alas) ſuch real joys forſake
For this ſad cauſe to juſtifie thy black? (veſt,
Me thought thou wert, while thou didſt that in-
The cinders of the Phœnix ſpiced Neſt,
Out of whch roſe her admirable Face,
As the ſole *ſpecies* of that Virgin Race. (there
There hadſt thou grown immortal; while worn
No day but added to thy Life a Year:
But now thou doſt with me in Exile live, (give.
Each day doth take, what there each day did
Alas poor Fool! Man might have taught thee this,
Death waits on thoſe are baniſh'd Paradize.
Couldſt thou have ſtill continu'd there, thou'dſt
Long-liv'd as he, had he not found out ſin. (bin
No Fate had cut thy thread, nor chance unſtrung
Thy Beads, till the Worlds Paſſing-Bell had rung.

Pearls

Pearls had look'd pale with Envy, Diamonds mourn'd,
And ſparkling forth their prouder anger burn'd,
While every grain of thee had grown a Gem
Of greater price than the whole Race of them.
The wary Prophets mercenary Wife,
Who for a Bracelet ſold her Husband's life,
And thought her Crime excus'd, the flame-fac'd (ſtones
Being ſuch prevalent Temptations,
All her ſo dear-bought Iewels would have thrown
Down at her feet for the exchange of one
Thou'dſt grown a Roſary for Angels there,
Thy glorious Beads dropt in eternal Prayer.
Offer'd in ſmoke thou mightſt have bought the Gods
Out of their Heaven to have chang'd Abodes
With thee; we ſhould have ſeen the deathleſſe Train
About her neck link'd in an endleſſe Chain:
The emulous Powers contending who ſhould reſt
On the Swan-downy Pillows of her breſt,
Where by a more eſpecial favor thrown,
They had that Heav'n preferred to their own.
And canſt thou quit ſo coveted a place
To feel ſuch a ſick Pulſes frantick pace?
To circle this poor arm which ſtill muſt mourn
Becauſe it muſt not be where thou wert worn?
Indeed 'tis true my ſmall Phyſician, ſhe
Taught thee thy skill, but 'tis beſt ſhew'd on me.
Thanks charitable Friend. For this will I
Study

Study a reward great as thy courteſie.
No Relique ſhall be kept more ſafe, nor be
In greater Adoration had than thee:
Each morning will I with a trembling kiſſe
Offer my burning Lips in Sacrifice:
All day look on thee with that greedy view,
As if I meant to ſtring mine Eyes there too:
At night my never ſlumbring thoughts ſhall keep
The Watch, while thou doſt in my boſome ſleep;
And leſt my panting Heart alarm thee there,
Ile turn it out for to be lodg'd elſewhere:
I would not with a minutes abſence buy
The World, though Heav'n were the Security.
I'l tell thy numerous ſeeds, and know the ſame
Not onely by their number, but by name;
Then ſet a higher price on ev'ry Bead,
Than I would ranſom upon a Monarchs head;
No wealth ſhould fetch thee from me, unleſſe ſhe
Would be the price her ſelf, who owned thee.
When ſcorch'd by ſome proud Beauty, I for ſhade
Will flie to the ſmall knots of thy dark brade:
And when I'm ready with deſpair to freez,
I will inflame my ſelf by kiſſing theſe;
Driv'n to Extremity I ſcarce would ſtoop
To take the Chymiſts greateſt ſecret up;
For with a touch of thee my fancy would
Be ſure to turn all Metalls into Gold.
Thou art my All on Earth, and he that robs
Me but of one of theſe thy little Globes,
I in Heav'ns juſter Chancery will lay

To's

To's charge the ſtealing the whole World away;
But which (when Fate protract) thy time is come,
(Haſtned with grief to be ſo long from home)
Thou ſhalt from me again to her depart;
For on the flaming Altar of my Heart
I'll all the filth thou here contracted'ſt take
Away, and ſo in Incenſe pay thee back.
Thus Ile requite thy kindneſſe; but be ſure,
Thou doſt not wound, where thou pretend'ſt to cure;
'Twould be a treach'rous and unworthy Art,
Thus ty'd about mine arm, to give my Heart.

On

On Himſelf being Lame.

I Prithee tell not me of Pox or Gout;
It is my Fancie's fall'n into my Foot.
I know her haughty ſtomack did diſdain
To lie a ſoaking in a ſmall-Beer brain;
This Salamander doth in flames ſtill dwell,
And in a cooling Iulip findes a Hell.
Give her a Bowl of *Spaniſh*, which might breath
A Feaver into the cold Limbs of Death;
Might make the Brethrens Marble riſe, & dance,
Till it had wak'd the drowſie Puritans,
And raiſed their new-molded duſt to ſing
Zealous Encomiums of the Cath'lique King:
Then ſhe will knock at Heav'n: this Tavern flie,
When throughly drench'd in Sack doth ſoar moſt high,
And (like the South-winde) from her dropping wings,
Shakes the bright ſhowre, which up in numbers ſprings;
Numbers might poſe Arithmetick, and teach
Dull man what feet will up to Heaven reach;
Numbers, which without ſweating are diſtill'd,
And writ when you'd believe the Inck was ſpill'd,
And that in ſo harmonious a ſtrain
You'd finde a Muſick in the pretious rain.
Then might you ſee her Wine-wet cheeks out-ſhine

The

The Muſes waſhing in their Hippocrene:
She were a Wife for *Bacchus* then but that
He muſt not marry what himſelf begat.
Then ſhe'd out-noiſe *Loves* thunder, that which rent
The Womb of *Semele* for the Firmament:
Swear that with Genial Nectar he was warm'd,
When's fertile brain brought forth *Minerva* arm'd,
And tell me if I'd heat it well with Wine
His ſhould not be more pregnant than ſhould mine;
She would be my *Minerva*, nor afraid
To challenge at both Weapons the great Maid;
And ſhe would ſtill have ſwagger'd there no doubt,
If I would ſtill have turn'd my Reaſon out;
But when ſhe found her ſelfe was over-aw'd
By that, the ranting Girl her ſelf out-law'd;
Then to ſpite me, ſhe ſick (forſooth) doth grow,
And onely becauſe I would not be ſo:
Drooping ſhe down into my Anckle fell
Angry that I at Night ſhould ſtand ſo well,
And as ſhe ſunk ſhe whiſper'd in mine Ear,
'Twas Iuſtice to lame me who lamed her.
Since thou (ſaith ſhe) wilt needs grow wiſe, and ſtaid,
I'l ſtay thee within doors till thou grow mad;
When buſineſſe ſhall invite thee forth, or Friends,
Thou ſhalt not ſtir, not though thy Miſtris ſends.
Keep

Keep thy head ſober, and mark if thou don't,
Ere I have done, wiſh thou could'ſt go upon't;
There let thy precious Reaſon rule, while I,
To ſpite her, raiſe thy humble foot as high.
There I, like *Bacchus* in *Iov's* Calf, will keep
Such Revels, as ſhall rob thine Eyes of ſleep;
Run raging up and down, as if I were
Turn'd Froe, and kept his frantick Orgies there;
There will I quaff cold humors ſtead of Sack,
And dance on th' Ropes till thy tough Sinews crack.
Then ſhalt thou call for Wine, fill, fill again,
And not for pleaſure drink, but ev'n for pain,
Till thou haſt been at a more vaſt expence
To drive, than might before have kept me thence.
Yet I'l not cripple thee of both, ſtill uſe
One Leg, and ſtand on't like a ſtudying Gooſe;
Make lamentable Verſes, tun'd with Oh,
And comma'd with Alas, which could they go
But ſmoothly on a Ballad-ſingers tongue,
Vnto *Hollamy Fancy*, might be ſung:
But whatſoere thou henceforth writeſt ſhall
Serve for waſte Paper to the Hoſpitall;
Nor ſhalt thou there finde any parcell man
So lame, as he thy halting Rithmes can skan.
This is the truth, then never wonder why
A harſh low Fancy writes nor ſmooth, nor high.
What do her Numbers then in print, you'll ſay?
Why, Faith, if they be good, I hope they may;

If not, ſhe is a Witch, and you'll confeſſe,
The Law condemneth Witches to the Preſſe.

The broken Heart,

GOd doth require a broken Heart; 'tis true;
But he would have it whole, and broken too:
Broken when it on it's own ſins reflects;
Intire when Him it's Object it reſpects.
Woman will have the ſame; her Lover's Soul
Muſt alſo both divided be and whole;
Whole in regard none elſe doth in it ſhare,
But yet divided betwixt Hope and Fear.
Heav'n and Imperious Woman both lay claim
Vnto my Heart, and both will have the ſame
Vnrival'd, yet the caſi'r to decide
The bus'neſſe I preſumed to divide
Betwixt them what they ſought, & ſo being loth
To diſpleaſe either, have diſpleas'd them both.
What ſhould I do? I knew I ſhould preſer
My God, and therefore could not give it her:
And when I would have given him all his due,
Me thought in her I ſaw a Deity too.
O Fool! thouſands may claim thy Heart, but none
Can have a Right unto his Claim but One.
And can'ſt thou not diſtinguiſh Titles? He
Doth

Doth Mercy exercise; she Tyranny.
A Love-bred Confidence is the best signe
Of a just Monarchy; a Right Divine.
And Cruelty grounded upon distrust
Is full as sure a note of an unjust.

Give God thy broken heart, he whole will make it;
Give Woman thy whole heart, and she will break it.

To PHOEBVS,

Seeing a Lady before Sun-rise.

P*Hœbus* lye ſtill, and take thy reſt
Securely on thy *Lethy's* breſt;
Thou need'ſt not riſe to guild the Eaſt:

For ſhe is up whoſe wakings may
Give birth and meaſure to the day,
Although thou hide thy ſelf away.

Phœbus lye ſtill, and keep the ſide
Warm of thy chaſt and watry Bride,
Thy uſeleſs Glory laid aſide:

For ſhe is up whoſe beautie's might
Can change ev'n Darkneſs into Light,
When thou can'ſt but ſucceed the Night.

. . . . . .

Phœbus lye ſtill, and ſhroud thy head
Within the covert of thy Bed,
Or counterfeit that thou art dead:

For ſhe is up, and I do find
Gazing on thee doth onely blind
The outward eyes, but her the Mind,

Yet *Phœbus* riſe, and take thy Chair
Once more, ſhaking dull vapors from thy hair;
But wink, and look not on my fair:

For if thou once her Beauty view,
Ere night thou wilt thy ſelf undo,
Nor have a home to go unto.

And were thy Chariot empty, ſhe
But too unfit a guide would be,
Having already ſcorched me:

For I'm afraid leſt with deſire
She once more ſet the World on fire,
Making all others *Æthiops* by her.

F I N I S.